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LIFE
IN
WESTERN INDIA.

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BY

MRS. GUTHRIE

AUTHOR OF 'THROUGH RUSSIA,' 'MY YEAR IN AN INDIAN FORT,' ETC.

MAHRATTA SLAUGHTER STONE.

B13.2

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHER

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1881.

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00083583

LIFE IN WESTERN INDIA.

VOL. II.

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LIFE IN WESTERN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

Old Town of Hubli—The Bâle Mission—Máths, or Monasteries—A Festival Car—Temple of the Monkey God—Legend of Prajapati—Hanumat—Destruction of the Jains—Description of a Rich Jain's House—Wrestling Pits—Visit to the Cutcherry—The Brinjarris.

AN opportunity was afforded me of visiting the old town of Hubli, the capital of the Southern Máhratta country. One of our earliest English factories was established there, the same that contributed to the fine levied on the place by Sivajee. The country through which we passed was beautified by fine timber, springing crops, and picturesque temples. Once we

stopped to gather some sprays of a climber that had a profusion of large lilac flowers which were very lovely. There was a little cotton springing up, but we were only on the verge of the black soil that it favours. A large village near the road belonged to the Bâle Mission. The houses, even to the door-knockers, are strictly arranged according to the German fashion. The members of this mission are hard-working, self-denying, and, in some instances, learned men and excellent linguists. All doors flew open before the authority of my host and travelling companion.

The first place we visited was a máth. These máths, or monasteries, were renowned establishments in ancient days, and are still arranged on the plan of the Buddhist Viharas to which they succeeded. The Superior of a máth is called a Mahant, and he is often a man of talents and respectability. The office is sometimes hereditary. They have endowments of land, and lay votaries contribute to their support. Mendicants and travellers come and go at pleasure, and have no restraint put upon

them.c "The tenants of the máths," says Dr. Wilson, "are generally of a quiet, innocuous character; but," he adds, "there are exceptions, for robberies, and even murders, have been traced to these religious establishments." The food of such a community costs little or nothing, being chiefly supplied by the rice, &c., collected daily as alms.

It was a peaceful-looking place, shut out from the world by very high walls. A verandah lined the interior on three sides of the court, the end being occupied by the choultry, an exceedingly lofty, open hall. It was supported by wooden pillars formed from the boles of trees grown in some forest far south. They were effectively carved in conventional patterns, and painted red. Beyond the cell of the idol, in which a light glimmered, were the living-places of the priests. A few quiet pilgrims were gathered round a stone fountain. The quaint, old-world establishment carried one back in imagination many a century.

Continuing our journey, we turned into the precincts—gardens and stableyard—belonging

to some other religious sect. In the coach-house reposed the gigantic vehicle formerly dragged round the town at the time of the car festival. A smaller one, of more convenient size, had now superseded it. The ponderous wheels of the larger vehicle were nine feet high, and the whole, including a kind of tapering tower, was covered with carvings that ladies are not invited to inspect. The leanest of elephants, the joints of which stood out in knots, paraded the yard. It had never recovered from the effects of the poor fare of the famine year, but its master was doing his best to fatten it by giving it sugar-cane. Monkeys of the Hanumat sort were jumping about in every direction; hideously human-looking creatures, with ruddy brown skins, and hair parted down the middle of the head.*

A Hindoo temple dedicated to the monkey

* It was Hanumat, "Son of the Wind," who, leaping from the opposite shore, rescued Sita from her perilous position under the asoka-trees in Ceylon, and set the chief town of the island Lanka on fire with his tail, to which his enemies, in order to plague him, had put a light. Hanumat is fabled to have written a play.

god was the next object of our curiosity. This deity, who is always painted red, was grinning in his cell, with his tail turned over his shoulder. How would the Hindoos relish the saying of Schiller, "that man depicts himself in his gods"? A finely-sculptured stone trough in the courtyard received the water from the temple that had washed the idol. It is holy water, and many a poor native dips his fingers in it with reverence. We also observed a large stone tortoise half smothered in flowers. The first man, Prajapati, took upon himself the form of a tortoise, and produced offspring, from which circumstance men say that all creatures are descendants of Kasyapa, a name which means tortoise. The tortoise has also some astronomical signification.

The town of Hubli is chiefly built of mud, and the houses have flat roofs. Tiled roofs cannot be employed on account of the freaks of the monkey people, who would have passed all their leisure hours, too sacred to be disturbed, in gathering them into stacks. The flat roof is also a sign that the rainfall is moderate.

The Jains, once so powerful in South-Western India, have been all but exterminated by the Lyngayat sect. In "the good old times" the latter are said to have got rid of their rivals by grinding the priests in oil-mills, filling pits with their teeth, and such like barbarities. There are still, however, over a couple of hundred Jains in Hubli, prosperous people.

A merchant of this persuasion pressed us to visit his house. It had an imposing exterior, but very steep was the ladder staircase that led up to the first story. Furnished in a semi-European manner, the chamber we entered had nothing to distinguish it but the double line of pictures that formed a cornice under the ceiling, and went round the room; and indeed this was common to the whole suite. The pictures consisted of the poorest English lithographs, gaudily coloured, all set in gold frames of about a foot square. There was the traditional gentleman in knee-breeches, with a swallow-tailed coat of cerulean blue, handing over a stile a lanky lady with a waist under her arms, and a coal-scuttle bonnet. "Black-eyed Susan" was

also to be seen, waving an immense pocket-handkerchief to a distant ship with bulging sails. The second room was remarkable for the splendour of its glass chandeliers (English made for the Indian market); one of them emerald green, another ruby red, the third, white. Evidently the end room of all was the pride of the old Jain's heart; it was the very abode of luxury. The pictures were larger, and of the French School of Art: languishing ladies, chiefly clad in tinsel, reclined on couches. In a corner stood a four-post bedstead, covered with drapery of clear lilac muslin, sprigged with gold, and piled up high with feather beds. An ornamented pair of steps led up to it, and a glass lamp, with a cover to it, was suspended in the interior, which was further adorned by a number of hanging balls of coloured glass. In this chamber we were invited to repose upon a divan, and, in order to amuse us, a musical box was set going to the air of the "Blue Bells of Scotland." Presently a silver tray, heaped up with pink rose leaves and jessamine flowers, was brought in, and its contents distributed. I

was presented with some sweet limes, which I put into my pocket. Then, thanking the good Jain for the elegant entertainment he had given us, we took our departure.

Pursuing our way through the principal thoroughfare we paused for a moment to look into one of the half-underground buildings used by the Máhrattas for their favourite amusement—wrestling. It was a dark hall, about twenty feet in length. These wrestling-pits, as they are called, are lighted up when used. The spectators line the wall, and but few at a time can be accommodated. When full, the door is shut, for the wrestlers are afraid of catching cold if exposed to the least current of air. The way in which the sport is conducted differs a little from ours. The combatants salute each other by striking smartly with the right hand upon the left arm, doubled on the breast, and upon the hollow of the right thigh; and they do not consider it a fall unless one of the wrestlers is laid perfectly flat and helpless upon his back. In these contests strength is much less exerted than skill. Like our own

wrestler, the Máhratta trains himself for the combat. His diet consists of milk and clarified butter, and, if he ever takes meat, he increases the allowance day by day. Women were at one time trained for this sport, but the custom has fallen into disuse, it is said "because the men did not like to be beaten by them." Many of the clubs so skilfully wielded by the long-armed Máhrattas, brilliantly painted and lackered, were lying about. I tried to lift one of them, but it was beyond my strength to raise it. They are from fifteen to twenty pounds in weight, and are used somewhat after the manner of dumb-bells.

After visiting some small musjids that had nothing remarkable to recommend them, we proceeded to the Cutcherry, where my friend had to make inquiries about the death of a man who had hanged himself the night before in one of the cells. The Sepoy guard turned out, and the officials presented themselves. In one large dim hall numbers of men, in trencher-shaped, cherry-coloured turbans, were writing with a great air of solemnity and importance; and

dark men peered at us with bright, restless eyes from the lock-ups. We were ushered into the cell of the suicide, where a strong piece of rope, by means of which the rash act had been committed, was produced. It seemed strange that the poor wretch should have possessed a rope, but, alas! he had spent his last night on earth in making it from the threads of his garments, and had rushed into eternity in order to avoid a whipping, which, in case of conviction, would have been his punishment. The disregard of death exhibited by this race is a matter of wonder to Europeans,* who do not realize how constantly the mind of the Hindoo dwells upon the prayer:

* On his arrival in India, this disregard of death greatly surprised the Marquis of Hastings. After commenting on the subject he says, "A curious petition was delivered to me. The petitioner, a native, complained that the officiating Brahmins at a temple of Kali, near Moorshabad, refused to sacrifice him; wherefore, as it was unlawful for him to put himself to death, he solicited that I would order the Brahmins to immolate him. And a short time ago I had another petition from a man who implored that I would order his head to be cut off, as he was in a hopeless state of penury." Marquis of Hastings' Private Journal, vol. i, p. 53.

"From the unseen lead me to the real,
From darkness lead me to life,
From death lead me to immortality."

Our next errand was of a pleasanter nature. We turned aside to visit a division of the Bâle Mission, who had under their care five hundred homeless children. They were dining in a large room when we arrived. Each little one was sitting on his heels on the floor with a shining brass lota before him containing soup, and a metal plate filled with vegetable curry. The simple, fair-haired German gentleman, who conducted us over the establishment, had a countenance and manner that inspired confidence. Poor fellow, he was suffering from as keen a sense of disappointment as he would allow his well-schooled heart to feel. He had requested the home authorities to send out to him a lady whom he had long hoped to make his wife, and with his wish to marry they had complied, but, alas! a stranger was on her way to join him.

The members of the Bâle Mission are excellent men, still naturally not all of them equally judicious. I met one of the body many a mile

from Dhárwar, who came to a friend I was visiting to complain of the rude way in which he had been treated by a well-to-do and learned Brahmin. "I did go into his house, and I did begin to talk to his women, and when the Brahmin came in I did say to him, 'Do you know that you are a liar and a sinner?' and he did say, 'You shall not come into my house and talk to my women and insult me.'" Shortly after the Brahmin arrived full of his grievance. "Your Europe man came to my house, and talked to my ladies, and when I came in he called me a liar, and I told him to go away. And I do think that your Christian had taken a little of your good strong waters." In combating the errors of Hindooism, missionaries are apt to forget that they are dealing with a people that have a cultus, but no doctrine, and who simply do not understand the meaning of such an expression as "a false religion." The words to his (the Hindoo's) mind are a contradiction, as it is his belief that no religion can be false. And this is the reason why he never seeks to gain a proselyte.

A well-earned repast awaited us at the house of a gentleman who resided at some distance from Hubli. It was on a hill, and the garden commanded a beautiful panoramic view. A grove of trees on the plain that lay to the west marked the sight of General Wellesley's camp. The graves of some Englishmen remain; a visit to them would have been interesting, but our time was limited.

On our return journey we met long trains of of Brinjarris; of all the wild tribes that range this country they are the most interesting and the most picturesque in appearance. The women are arrayed in brilliant colours, and loaded with strange ornaments. Their very bullocks are provided with embroidered covers that fit closely to the hump. The word Brinjarri, or Bunjara, as it is sometimes pronounced, signifies "burning the woods," which this people do when permitted, in order to clear the ground for pasture. They claim a Rajpoot descent, and some people believe they arrived when the Moguls invaded the country. It is certain that they are very different from the other tribes of

the Deccan. They are divided into tondas, at the head of which are Naiks, or leaders, whom they implicitly obey. These chiefs will take care of money or other valuables committed to them, and have never been known to violate the trust reposed in them. In other ways their character is not good. At one period they appear to have stolen children for the purpose of "Merria Pooja," or human sacrifice. This horrid rite is mentioned as being "certainly performed by the Bringoories, who trade between Nagpore and Chootergurh countries and the coast."* This, one hopes, has ceased to be done, but Mr. Sinclair, in his "Castes of the Deccan," affirms that they often purchase children for other purposes at the rate of five rupees a boy; female children, being more profitable, are dearer. Formerly they had in this way large dealings with the Thugs, who strangled and poisoned for the sake of obtaining children. The Brinjarris, apart from these crooked ways, are cattle-breeders, and

* See "Selections from the Records of the Government of India (Home Department)," published by authority, 1854.

trade in grain and salt; the people whom we met were bringing salt from the territory of Goa. They were employed by General Wellesley to an enormous extent, indeed it is doubtful whether the campaign in the Southern Máhratta country could have been conducted without their aid. "They attend armies," he says, in his dispatches. . . . "They either purchase grain themselves in the country with their own money or with the money advanced by the company, and sell it in the bazaar at the rate of the day on their own account." In continuation he dwells on the great importance of these supplies, "as the vast number of followers attached to the army live by the daily purchases they make in the bazaar. . . . . Almost every native soldier has a family dependent upon him for support, and, unless they can be left in security and in receipt of a certain subsistence, their bread-winner will desert rather than abandon them. . . . . Thus, sometimes between seventy and eighty thou-

all the Máhrattas that I have had dealings with are the most faithless. . . . . The more I see of them, the more I am convinced that we have entirely mistaken the character of these people, and that unless they are permitted to plunder the country through which they pass, or to have such profits as the native armies are able to give them from plunder, they will not follow the troops to any distance from the place at which they usually reside. I have had the greatest difficulties with them, and they have deceived me, and broken their engagements upon every occasion. Colonel Stephenson, who has another set, has been obliged to put some of them to death for plunder in the Peishwa's country." *

No very good account of the Brinjarris. Their sleek white bullocks have very handsome necklaces of brass and strings of cowries, and they have a celebrated race of fine, shaggy greyhounds. It is their custom, if one of their cattle be sick, to take off its bell, and hang it

on a tree, an offering to the spirit they conceive to inhabit it (were they once tree-worshippers?). Our British soldiers were in the habit of appropriating these bells, and it was some consolation to the Brinjarris to believe that the thieves also took upon them the maladies of the creatures that had worn them. This people have one interesting custom. Each tribe keeps a bard, who recites the doings of their forefathers, and who, at their great festivals, sings and plays on a kind of guitar.

CHAPTER II.

Climate of Dhárwar—Industrial Jail—Pottery Making—Escape and Recapture of a Female Prisoner—Tribes of the Southern Deccan—Decoits—Tribe of Female Robbers—Jewellery—Sanskrit Story of the Deluge—Lyngayats—Cotton Cultivation—Nundidrood—Dhárwar Superstition—Indian Fireflies.

THE air of Dhárwar is more bracing than that of Belgaum, and, although small, it has always been a favourite station. In the garden belonging to the house in which I was staying everything appeared to flourish. There was an orchard with fig-trees, vines, peaches, pomegranates, and other fruits; and there was a rich abundance of beautiful flowers and fine creepers. The drives, too, were very pretty. Nature here, if on a smaller scale than

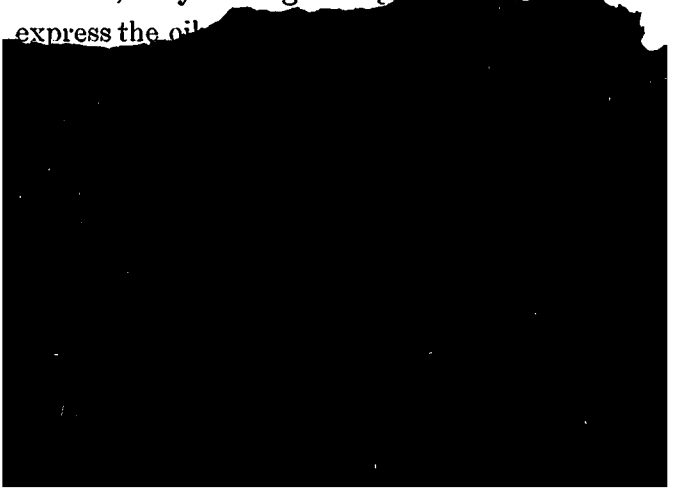
that to which I had become accustomed, was more prolific. There was fine timber and high grasses, and the aloe-hedges, with their soft, blue tint, were quite a feature in the landscape.

The place possesses an immense industrial jail, with high walls. They had little towers at the corners, and a rampart inside, which was paraded by sentinels. We went over it one day. At one period numbers of silk-worms were bred in the establishment; they were fed on the leaf of the white mulberry, which grows freely in the neighbourhood. But the worm requires a certain period of cold, a touch of frost, to bring it to perfection, and that was not to be obtained in this climate, so their culture has been discontinued, and now there are none of the handsome saris and pretty scarfs that used to be made. Articles from tough fibres are at present the chief manufacture, along with cotton and the cane of the bamboo. It was amusing to see the cotton cleaned. A great bow was suspended from the ceiling, the string of which was loaded with the ra substance. This received a mighty twang

C

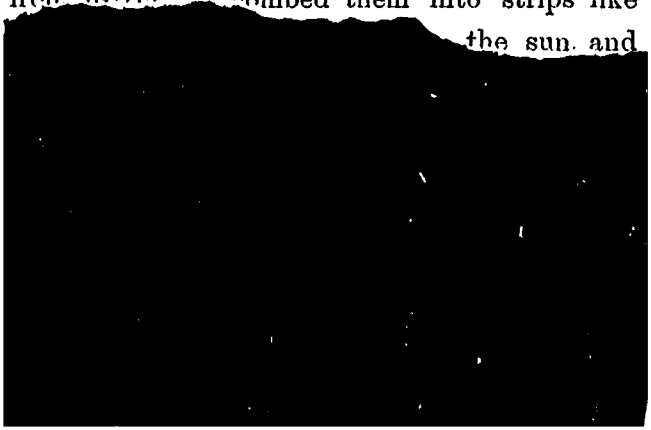
away in the proper direction flew the light white cloud, leaving all impurities behind it. I had never seen the pottery of the country made, and I was delighted with the skill displayed in the process. A lump of prepared clay was stuck in the centre of a large wheel, which it was one man's business to spin with all his strength, for the simple impetus must serve for the formation of the vessel. Watching his opportunity, the pottery-maker dexterously draws up the material into a smooth cylinder, he then forms the neck, and, putting one hand inside, shapes the bulging sides of his lota, or whatever he may be making, quickly with his thumb nail incises an effective pattern upon the still pliant clay, and, slicing with one stroke the vessel from the slackening wheel, he sets it on the ground complete. It was like magic, but so has pottery been made in the East for unknown ages. Some of the drinking pots are made with a double lip, which is held sloping to the mouth, thus enabling Hindoos of different castes to take water from one another. Then there were the silver-workers squatting in a

corner. A man whose stock in trade consists of a brazier, a pair of pincers, and a lump of metal will turn out the prettiest things imaginable. The natives of India have the most complete command over their primitive tools. Under an open shed, a dozen young men, tall strapping fellows, were doggedly pushing round with their padded forehead, the spokes of a heavy stone that was made to revolve; they were grinding seed in order to express the oil



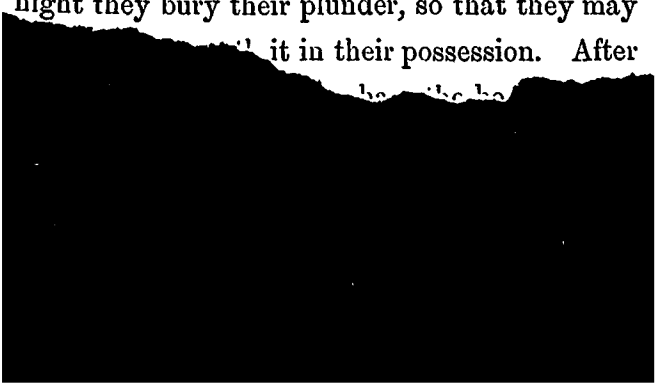
of the district, but was, after the lapse of some weeks, recognized, and brought back. I was inclined to pity her, but was told that she was a very bad subject.

As we crossed the great court to leave, carts were coming in with the leaves of the aloe that I had so much admired. Bundles of them were distributed among the prisoners. First they cut smooth the prickly edges, and then with an iron instrument combed them into strips like



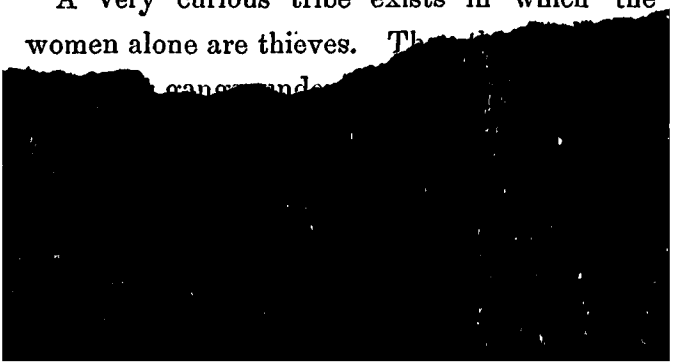
robbery and extortion. Almost every tribe has its peculiar and well-organized system of rascality. The ingenuity practised is marvellous. At the present time the most dangerous of these tribes are the Decoits. Their system commences with the very birth of the child. The new-born infant of a Decoit is invested with a small gold coin bearing the likeness of the god Khunedoba, and with a silver anklet, in order that under the god's protection it may grow up a promising and industrious thief; if a female, that she may become the happy mother of expert thieves.

Decoits act according to rules laid down. At night they bury their plunder, so that they may [illegible] it in their possession. After



ship of a certain god in whom he trusts. A party setting out to plunder will invariably turn back and postpone their scheme if they hear a single owl hoot, a single lizard chirp, should a snake cross their path, or a crow fly to the left, and so on through a long list. They are encouraged by events of an equally frivolous nature. In sickness they trust to their own skill, their remedies being wild berries, roots, and herbs, from which they concoct potions. In cases of cholera, which is considered to be beyond the reach of medicine, the victim invokes his deity, and resigns himself to his fate.

A very curious tribe exists in which the women alone are thieves. Th[illegible]



in making her escape from the jail must, I think, have belonged to this tribe.

Another set of folks are bird-catchers, but they are quiet, inoffensive people, who principally collect the skins of kingfishers, which they take to the Madras coast, from whence they are exported to China.

"Look at that man," said my host, pointing to a mason who was setting stones near the porch. "He asserts that his ancestor assisted in building Dhárwar fort, and it is very likely true, for he must certainly be descended from the mason caste." Here then was a Máhratta, not only willing to speak of the past, but proud of the part his ancestor had played in it.

Some specimens of jewellery belonging to well-to-do native families in the town, were sent up for me to see, and brought in on handsome old silver trays. Some of these ornaments were very pretty. The nose and toe-rings were of gold, finely worked and set with pearls. There was a châtelaine, with scissors, earpicks, and other accessories, such as are attached to old-fashioned ornaments of the same sort in

Europe. The gem of the collection was a ring, in which was set a gold coin of the reign of Akbar. This sovereign's memory is considered sacred by Hindoos. We asked the owner why he, being a Hindoo, should worship the memory of a Mohammedan.

"Because," was the reply, accompanied by a deep reverence, "he was a good and a great man."

Jesswunt Singh, the Hindoo Rajah, in a letter to the persecuting Aurungzebe, thus addresses him:—

"Your royal ancestor, Akbar, whose throne is now in heaven, conducted the affairs of this empire in equity for the space of fifty years; preserving every tribe of men in ease and happiness, whether they were followers of Jesus or Moses, of David or of Mahomed. Were they Brahmins of the sect of Dharians, they equally enjoyed his countenance and favour, insomuch that his people, in gratitude for the indiscriminate protection he afforded them, distinguished him by the appellation of 'Jugut-Grow,' 'Guardian of Mankind.' And the

memory of the just Emperor is still cherished by the Indian people, regardless of creed."

Another ornament was a silver fish, about four inches long, worked with great subtilty. This women wear in memory of the Deluge, the story of which, as related in the early Sanskrit compositions, is very curious. "To Manu, the great post-diluvian patriarch, they brought in the morning water to wash. As they bring it with their hands for the washing, a fish comes into the hands of Manu as soon as he has washed himself. He spoke to Manu the words, 'Keep me; I shall preserve thee.' Manu said, 'From what wilt thou preserve me?' The fish said, 'The flood will carry away all these creatures; I shall preserve thee from it.' 'How canst thou be kept?' said Manu.

"The fish replied, 'As long as we are small there is much destruction for us; fish swallows fish. First, then, thou must keep me in a jar; if I out-grow it, dig a hole and keep me in it; if I out-grow this, take me to the sea and I shall be saved from destruction.'

"He became a large fish. He said to Manu,

'When I am full-grown, in the same year the flood will come; build a ship then and worship me, and when the flood rises go into the ship, and I shall preserve thee from it.'

"Manu brought the fish to the sea after he had kept him thus, and, in the year which the fish had pointed out, Manu built a ship and worshipped the fish; then, when the flood had risen, he went into the ship. The fish came swimming to him, and Manu fastened the rope of the ship to a horn of the fish. The fish carried him by it over the northern mountain. The fish said, 'I have preserved thee; bind the ship to a tree. May the water not cut thee asunder while thou art on the mountain. As the water will sink, thou wilt slide down.' Manu slid down with the water, and this is called the Slope of Manu on the northern mountain. The flood had carried away all these creatures, and Manu was left there alone." * To follow the fortunes of "the

* See Professor Max Müller's translation referred to in Mr. Manning's "Ancient and Mediæval India," vol. i, p. 115.

father of man" under these circumstances would keep me too long, but they are well worth reading in the book referred to at the foot of the preceding page.

My friend was kind enough to procure for me one of the small silver caskets that the Lyngayat slings across his breast; it was about four inches long and very neatly made, with two little pointed terminals made to run up and down on a string of crimson silk. The box contained a small object called a ling, which is intended to represent Shiva in his relation to the powers of nature. It was obtained for me as a great favour, as the Lyngayats are exceedingly jealous of any interference or curiosity shown respecting their religion, and would not scruple to resort to violence in order to rescue their emblem from the hands of a heretic. A paper setting forth the peculiar tenets of the sect was delivered along with the case.

When my pleasant visit was drawing to a close, we ascended a steep hill famous in the annals of the siege. It commanded a most extensive view over the plains where the black

buck, which feeds upon the cotton-plant, commits such ravages—plains which to the sight seemed endless. The cotton-plants were, as yet only breaking the ground, and the "black country" melted into the horizon, forming a glorious blue, from which, like islands out of a sea, rose the lone crags, so carelessly scattered over the peninsula by Ráma's bridge-builders. Dominating them all, was far-famed Nundidrood, a stupendous monolith of granite, crowned by one of the strongest forts in the country.

The cotton-gathering, I have been told, like the vintage of other countries, is a season of festivity. Bands of women and children come trooping along, balancing on their heads baskets brimming over with the bursting pods. It is an occasion on which the brightest drapery and the most treasured ornaments are brought forth. The shining black hair is decked with flowers, and all is laughter, music, and good-humour. At our feet lay the long, grey, wooden town of Dhárwar, said to be composed of seven villages, which, extending

by the increase of population, have become united.

In this sequestered part of the Deccan the people are very superstitious, and certain ceremonies are resorted to in order to divine how the crops will turn out. At a certain time, all the bullocks belonging to the villagers are bathed and taken to the houses of their owners, where puja (worship) is performed. Troughs are placed before the beasts, containing millet and peas, flavoured with oil and salt, and on the eventful day the horns of the cattle are coloured with a kind of red earth, and cakes of flour are put on the horns, and bells hung round their necks. Two bamboos, the height of three men, are fixed in front of the most ancient gate of the village. A rope is tied across, and leaves, cakes of dry dung, dates, and cocoa-nuts are suspended therefrom. This is called Kari-toran. In the afternoon the principal inhabitants walk in procession to the Désai's house, and select one red and one grey bullock, and they are brought thence to the Kari-toran. One man holds each bullock, and

each man has a small piece of steel tied to some twine, which he throws against the Kari-toran, in order to break it. The man who succeeds receives a present from the elders of the village. If the man in charge of the white bullock break the charm, the white jowari will yield abundantly; if the man in charge of the red beast does it, then the red jowari crop will be the finest. After this, all the bullocks are taken outside the village and exercised. Should any of them escape, and pass the boundary, the peasants pursue it closely, but should they not succeed in catching the animal, and the youths of another village take it, the latter do not restore it, and there is no longer a Kari-toran ceremony in the village which has lost the beast.

On our return journey the river had run down, but not so much as to admit of its being forded. This occasioned a delay of nearly four hours, for the tonga had to be taken partly to pieces and floated over. Just enough rain had fallen to make the black soil sticky and impossible to walk upon; so, again enthroned upon the baggage, I accepted the hospitality of two

buffaloes, and shared their shed, for it was drizzling. One of these creatures had almost colourless eyes, and enormous horns that swept the animal's flanks like scythes; those of the other formed a beautiful crescent at the top of its head. I was reminded of one of the riddles to which natives are so partial. "What are they that always occupy the same small seat, but never touch?" I had the flowing river at my feet, and I thought of the day, now close upon a century ago, when, choked with dead bodies, it must have presented a horrible spectacle. It was on the bank of the Malparba that the troops of the rebel Dundia were driven to bay, and it is said that five thousand men perished in the river. The long detention drove us far into the night. There was no moon, but in one swampy place numbers of fireflies were sporting against a screen of dark trees. Indian fireflies are very large, and these might have been taken for young stars that had frolicked down to have a dance.

CHAPTER III.

Tattooing—Curious Costume of a Model—A Purchase—Máhratta Slaughter-stone—The Stone at Aberlemmo—Return to Máhableshwur—Bird's-eye View of Bombay—Scenery between Poona and Bombay—Voyage to Canera—Piracy in the Indian Seas.

ON my return home I found that a handsome young Hindoo woman, whose pretty nut-brown hands and arms (I had come to like the modest tint) were elaborately tattooed, was sitting as a model. I had previously no idea that the art could be brought to such perfection as to be really ornamental. I bared my arm and pretended to compare it with hers, and then I went and put on a very fine lace mitten, and made signs that I too was tattooed. For a moment she was puzzled, her countenance

changed, it might be magic; and then she caught the joke, and laughed heartily. She spent all the money she earned as a sitter in additional beautification. Above the elbow of each arm she had the form of a hooded snake pricked out; to ensure, she said, her having a son. The marks rose up in blisters, and were very sore for two or three days, and then the delicate lines became soft and blue and pretty. Tattooing is a profession that is practised by old women. The designs are marked by means of a bunch of fine needles, an operation which causes the blood to flow. After this another set of needles, dipped in indigo and gunpowder, is used, and the stains are indelible.

A Brinjarri girl succeeded her. Some of these people had, in consequence of the hard times, applied to be put on the relief works. She came carefully guarded by her mother and husband. The women of this race are singularly well-conducted, a fact which does not prevent the men from being jealous. When the women were ushered into the painting-room, the husband lay down outside under the open window.

The girl's appearance was striking, her high cheek bones and flat face being quite Mongolian. Not so her clear light-brown eyes, sweeping lashes, and frank, good-humoured countenance. The costume she wore was most extraordinary. She had a red flannel petticoat that came down to the heavy silver anklets of zigzag form. It was embroidered all over in delicate patterns of many colours in chain stitch, and the bottom was bound by a strip of open-worked linen edged with little pearls. This was secured round the waist by a broad leather belt, to which a pouch was attached. They were trimmed with silver balls and red fringe, and the belt itself was encrusted with embossed lead of a basket-work pattern. Her white linen vest (not unlike that worn by the Roman women) was also covered with work. It sat loosely, for it had no back. This deficiency was concealed by a kind of bernous made to match the petticoat; it was passed over the head, and covered the shoulders.

To correspond with the belt it was trimmed with lead. Large red tassels, with balls of

silver and cowrie shells, were braided into her shiny black hair, and drops also of silver and red tassels were suspended round the ears, framing the face. Her necklaces consisted of beads of various hues, and she wore, fastened round the throat, an embossed silver plague, representing a horse standing under a tree—just allowing a sufficient space for the play of the elbow. Her bracelets, which reached from the wrist to the armpit, chiefly consisted of wide hoops of bone,* and of coarse ivory from the tooth of the elephant, but some of them were of wood, painted and lacquered. Then again, she had straps of leather covered with rows of cowries, and another sort of mingled worsted and lead. Mixed with these was a neat little bit of leather, with a buckle attached to it, which bore a suspicious resemblance to

* These hoops were made in halves, riveted together. One day a medical friend took up one of them, and, after examining it attentively for some time, said, "This is human bone; the hoop is formed out of a rib." It will be remembered that the natives of the Andaman Islands habitually wear the bones of their departed relatives. Some such custom may prevail among the Brinjarris.

the collar of some pet dog, and to match it a piece of cloth studded with the gilded buttons from a soldier's coat. Add to these a number of toe-rings, and there stands the Brinjarri girl. She was modest and gentle, but not the best of models, for she could not stand still. At last she had to be put into a chair, probably the first she had ever sat in.

The old woman was very quiet. She was occupied with her needlework, long strips of woollen which she was covering with patterns. The pair did not appear to pay any attention to the surrounding scene, which must have been novel to them, but their exceeding admiration was roused by the sight of a great blue-eyed, flaxen-haired doll, and they held up their hands in astonishment when it opened and shut its eyes.

The painting was not half done when all the Brinjarris, tired of the works and of civilization, took flight. What was to be done? A brilliant idea struck the painter. "Why not buy the costume, and finish those wonderful patterns and ornaments at leisure?" A bargain was

struck, and it was handed over entire for sixty rupees.

The people were very honest in their dealing with us. After all was concluded, as we supposed, they returned with some articles which they said belonged to the dress.

To the artist the false jewellery that is sold to actors and dancing girls is exceedingly useful. It is chiefly made in Delhi, and sent from thence to almost all the bazaars in India. Some of the forms are very ancient, and many of them are reproductions of celebrated ornaments in the possession of native princes and noted idols. One of the collars would have been superb had the gems been real. It was formed of squares of nine stones (the magic number) each, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, following one another, placed on a band of neatly-jointed gold. Another ornament for the throat was a spiral of gold, not quite meeting, with a twisted loop at each end—in fact, such a torquoise as may be seen by the score in the Museum of Antiquities at Copenhagen. The jewel worn by princes on the turban was re-

presented in a very beautiful manner. But the most striking of these bazaar ornaments were the broad bangles marked with the signs of the Hindoo zodiac, "which resemble our own so closely," says Mr. Playfair, "that as there is nothing in the nature of things to have determined the coincidence, it must, like the days of the week, be the result of some ancient and unknown communication." *

The time came when we had to leave the old fort. We were loth to say good-bye to many an inanimate favourite. The fine slaughter-stone that we had rescued from the fort ditch we had photographed. Such memorials are plentifully scattered over the Southern Máhratta country, and they tell their story well. Some of them are of considerable age, going back some seven hundred years, whilst others are even of this century.

Judging from the armour worn by the combatants, the stone in question dated from the days of Sivajee, and might be a memorial of his visit to Belgaum, then renowned as a great

* See Mill's "History of India," vol. ii, pp. 95, 96.

jewel mart, which he looted with considerable effect. 'Our slaughter-stone was divided into five pictures, each nearly a foot high, placed one above the other, and emblems were sculptured in relief (as were the figures) upon its pointed top. There was so much mythology introduced into the groups as to require explanation, which was afforded us by a Hindoo gentleman. On the first compartment, beginning with the bottom sculpture, warriors on horseback were represented with spears (the favourite Máhratta weapon) in their hands. In the second compartment was Krishna, between two females. A soldier with a shield in one hand, and a sword in the other, and two warriors on horseback, with spears in their right hands, appeared in the third. In the centre of the fourth was Buddha as the ninth incarnation of Vishnu, a female standing on each side. A Linga of Shiva in heaven was represented in the fifth compartment—on one side the deceased warrior worshipping, on the other a devotee also worshipping. In the centre of the pointed top was a pillar of fire, emblematic of

Shiva, with the sun upon one side of it, and moon upon the other.

In Mr. Furgusson's "Rude Stone Monuments" he gives a wood-cut of the battle-stone at Aberlemmo. The resemblance between these two memorials is very striking, although the one in Scotland lacks the dignity of the Indian example. It must, however, be borne in mind that the scenes represented on the Scotch monument are executed upon the back of the stone, the front being occupied by one of those crosses that do not break the outline of the stone, and that on this surface the patterns wrought are very delicate and beautiful. At Aberlemmo also the shaft is pointed. In compartment one, beginning with the bottom scene (the compartments are not framed or divided so neatly as in the Máhratta warriors' memorial) we have warriors on horseback advancing towards one another, lance in hand; a third is on foot, bearing a disc or shield, and on his head a helmet, and is in the act of being bowled over by a goose—a humorous hit, probably, at the adversary who has overturned him.

And the sculptor could afford to be jocose, as this stone, it is believed, commemorates a victory.

In the second compartment are three foot-soldiers, with lances, shields, and swords, advancing towards a horseman, who opposes them with a lance. The third compartment presents two horsemen galloping the same way, between whom, high in the air, is a disc, with a boss in the centre. The point at the top of the stone is occupied by an altar, or, more probably, a throne, and an article said to be a broken sceptre.

Mr. Furgusson makes some interesting comments about the patterns on the Scotch stone. "The ornaments," he says, "on the cross are the same in both countries" (*i.e.*, Scotland and Ireland), "and generally consist of that curious basket-work, interlacing pattern, so common also in the MSS. of that age in both countries, but which exists nowhere else, that I am aware of, except in Armenia. The so-called 'key' ornament on the horizontal arms of the cross at Aberlemmo seems also of Eastern origin, as

it is to be found in the Sarnath Tope, near Bernares and elsewhere, and is common to both countries." *

Mr. Mahaffy has a word to say on the same subject: "Dodwell saw, lying in front of the door-way of the treasure-house at Mycenæ, a brackened-piece of red porphyry, a patterned stone, ornamented in a style exceedingly like the old Irish interlacing." †

We returned to Máhableshwur, where we once more settled for a time; but, desirous of escaping the cold winds, the fall of the leaf, and the unwelcome visitors from the neighbouring ravines, I accepted an invitation to spend Christmas with friends in Canera, who promised me an excursion to the falls of Gerseppa.

It is seventy miles down to Poona. The latter part of the road passes through a smiling country, watered by the swift, clear river Nira. The highly cultivated land was green with waving crops of sugar-cane. All went "merry as a marriage bell" until we reached the top of

* See "Rude Stone Monuments," p. 268.

† See "Rambles and Studies in Greece," p. 250.

the Kamashi ghât, which is very precipitous, and commands a fine view of Poona, and the plain, then snuff-coloured, in which it is situated. Here we broke our harness, not an uncommon event, but in this instance the little misfortune was undoubtedly the work of a malicious demon, who the country people firmly believe haunts the spot. He is frequently propitiated by presents of fruit, lean fowls, etc., which are placed on a shelf of rock for his benefit.

Glorious is the scenery on the line of railway between Poona and Bombay. It is not, however, seen to such advantage in descending as in ascending the ghâts. I had but a glimpse of the old wooden houses and the picturesque population of Bombay as I passed down to the pier in order to get into a boat that would convey me to the British India line of steamers, one of which was to take me up the coast. We were more than an hour searching for our ship, threading our way through strange craft, busily taking in or discharging cargo, or enjoying a brief season of repose, with the sailor's change of garment fluttering in the breeze. A boat,

full of African minstrels, was speeding with horrid din the departure of a boat with a high poop. Something new and strange greeted the eye at every turn.

The line of steamers that I have mentioned are exceedingly comfortable, but they are principally cargo boats, and therefore unable to sail at a fixed time. And I found on reaching the vessel that it would not start until eight in the morning. The time, however, passed pleasantly away. We lay, until sunset, far up the beautiful bay, with its background of high-peaked mountains. The nearer hill of Elephanta glowed like copper in the rays of the departing day; and then we dropped gently down until we were clear of the shipping, and the lights of Bombay twinkled in the distance.

My voyage to Carwar was but to occupy forty-five hours. The coast we skirted was not picturesque. The sun-baked ridges of the Lower Konkan descended to the sea, forming low, arid cliffs, here and there broken by some of the craggy rocks, too hard for the tooth of time to gnaw, respecting which the people have

many a fanciful story. The land has probably preserved the same aspect for ages, but the presence of lagoon, or coral islands off the coast, is an indication that the bed of the sea is slowly sinking. Never was there a coast so harassed, never was there a sea that had witnessed such atrocities as this sea. Pirates, ancient and modern, have swarmed on its waters. The low hills and the crumbling forts could tell many a tale of horror. I saw most of the spots along the bit of coast that were famous in history; for, on my return voyage, glorious moonlight lit up the scenery. The Roman vessel that voyaged on this ocean carried numbers of archers to protect them from the sea-rovers. Ptolemy makes mention of their ferocity, and there are accounts of the way in which the vessels were molested that in the first century carried on the trade by which various articles from Southern India reached Rome. Marco Polo, writing in 1269, notices their cruelties. "With their wives and children the pirates pass all the months of fair weather at sea . . . that each of their fleets comprised twenty ships, which being

ranged at a certain distance from one another, made a line of one hundred miles, and as soon as one descried a merchant ship, she made a signal to the rest, so that it was scarcely possible for the victims to escape."

But our interest in these seas is naturally connected with the struggles of our countrymen against these salt-water fiends. From the time when the English first set foot in the country and established a factory in India, they lived in a constant state of alarm, and in order to protect their trading craft from aggression, they built and manned a small fleet of grabs and galivats, the germ of what was the Indian navy. These vessels were very small; the grabs had rarely more than two masts, although a few had three. The mounted grabs were about three hundred tons, those with two masts were not more than two hundred and fifty. They were built to draw little water, being broad in proportion to their length, narrowing from the middle of the bows, from whence a large prow projected.

On the main deck under the forecastle were

two pieces of cannon, nine or twelve pounders. They were pointed forward through the port-holes cut in the bulk-head. These were fired over the prow. The cannon on the broadside ranged from six to nine pounds. These vessels pitched violently. The galivats were large row-boats built like the grab, but of smaller dimensions, the largest rarely exceeding seventy tons. These in general were covered with a spar deck, made for lightness of split bamboo. They carried only petteraroes, which were fixed on swivels in the gunwale of the vessel. Those of a larger size had a fixed deck, on which were mounted six or eight pieces of cannon, from four to two pounders. They had from forty to fifty stout oars, and were rowed about four miles an hour.*

Such were the ships used in those early days when the Company contended for its very existence with rival associations, warlike nationalities, and fierce sea-robbers.

About the year 1689, a set of pirates, grown bold by success, swept the sea down from Bom-

* See "History of the Indian Navy," vol. i. C. R. Low.

bay to the coast of Malabar and Coromandel. The "Adventurer" of this force was commanded by the famous Captain Kid,* who plundered a vessel carrying Dutch colours, and a ship belonging to Bombay, but he himself narrowly escaped being taken by two armed vessels set apart by the country for the conveyance of pilgrims to Mecca, on condition that the Emperor Aurungzebe would defray the charges and give them a promise of exclusive trade. During the period when the English had their headquarters at Surat, they suffered much from the attacks of the marauding Sivajees, as the Máhrattas were called. There were also near them another desperate set of pirates, the Sanganians. Their plan was to board the ship of which they hoped to make a prize, and to throw showers of stones upon the deck, if the crew did not yield, in order to sink her. They carried

* Captain Kid had been sent out by the English Government in command of the "Adventurer," of thirty guns and two hundred men, to attack the pirates in Madagascar, but himself turned rover. He joined a fraternity of pirates who first established themselves in Perim, but having dug

with them great earthenware pots (stink-pots) full of unquenched lime, which broke, blinding and stifling their opponents. They were also provided with wicks of cotton dipped in combustible oil, and throwing them on the deck they often set all around on fire. "Yet many of these pirates," says Tod, "never stretched their sails without first propitiating or bribing the deity, and never returned without offering a share of the spoil to this Mercury. Like the Pindarris, those scourges of India, who prayed seven times a day,"* they thus considered their hazardous occupation to be not only honourable but sanctified. At last the dangers of the seas became so great that it was agreed that distinct stations should be assigned to the squadrons of the European ships which were to cruise against the plunderers on the Indian Seas. The protection of

in vain for water, they abandoned it for Madagascar, where the fraternity had fortified stations supplied from New Guinea and the West Indies. This noted freebooter and several others were eventually captured and hanged in chains at Tilbury Fort.

* Tod's "Western India," p 443.

the Red Sea was assigned to the Dutch; to the French, the Persian Gulf, and to the English was entrusted the police of what were termed the Southern Indian Seas.* In spite of these precautions the most powerful of all pirates rose in the person of Kanojee Angria. From being a common seaman in Sivajee's service, he rose to be admiral of the Máhratta fleet.

He aspired to possess himself of every port between Bombay and Goa. He took the island of Kennery close off Bombay, which had been strongly fortified by Sivajee, and was a terrible thorn in the side of the English. The crews of his vessels were most daring, his forts were considered to be impregnable, and all attempts at reducing his power were fruitless. A few months before his death, which occurred in the year 1728, he took the *Derby*, a ship richly laden belonging to the Company.

Angria left four sons, of whom the most celebrated was Toolagee. This progeny formed a piratical state that for fifty years rendered

* Tod defines "Southern India" as "being all that part of the country lying within the Tropics."

itself formidable to the trading ships of all the European nations in India, and the East India Company had to keep up a marine force at the annual expense of £50,000 to protect their own ships as well as those belonging to the merchants established in their colonies; for, as no vessel could with prudence venture to pass the Angria's domains, the trade was conveyed at particular times up and down the coast by armed vessels. The Angria's ships sailed much better than those of the Bombay fleet, and "never fought them longer than they thought proper." The Rajas of Kólhapur were also great pirates, and in 1765 the English were obliged to fit out an expedition against them.

CHAPTER IV.

Chaul—Kalabah—Curious Little Person—The Beni-Israel—Ruins of Severn-droog—Commodore James's Expedition against Angria—A Light by the Wheel—Rutnagherri—Ruins of Viziadroog—Pilgrims to Old Goa—Reported Miracles.

IT was eight o'clock when we steamed out of the beautiful bay. Behind us lay Kennery, where the ancient Greeks came to trade. Some future day I promised myself a visit to its Buddhist caves. Chaul, desolate now, was soon passed. Never did the courage of the Portuguese show itself more determinedly than in defending this little settlement, consisting only of a mud fort and the houses of the citizens. When the former fell, the latter were one by one converted into fortresses, and for half a year the

place held out against the flower of the Mogul army, which was eventually forced to retire. Kalabah was the next point of interest. Sivajee strengthened the fort and made it the head-quarters of his fleet, and from him it passed into the hands of Angria.

The morning stole dreamily on, the sea was smooth and pale, the white gulls floated languidly on the water, the awning made twilight upon the deck. Sleep would have been inevitable had not the strangest of little figures roused me to speculation. Was it a child or was it a man? The object of my curiosity had a queer wizen little face, but about the tiny person there was an air of considerable importance, and his was the largest of bamboo lounging chairs. He had his dressing gown, his embroidered slippers, and his novels, and he talked of the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, and of how he had brought the ship out. The young gentleman, who was nineteen, proved to be a scion of the Glasgow house that had built the ship, and he had been sent out—to grow. It is to be feared a vain expecta-

tion, for he must have been born withered.

There were on board sixty horses fresh from the Gulf, creatures with glossy skins and clear, soft eyes. The captain was quite touched with their docility, and with the sympathy that existed between them and their wild-looking attendants. Each horse had every morning a dose of some nauseous medicine administered, but it was swallowed with the utmost gentleness. The poor animals were at Calcutta to be reshipped to some far-away port.

The country we were coasting led up to Poona, and it was here, according to their own tradition, that the Jews of Western India found an asylum, after shipwreck, sixteen centuries ago. The band consisted of seven men and seven women. The little colony contrived to exist, and in the time of the Abyssinian admirals of the Beejapur fleet, they came to be recognised as another variety of Mohammedans. Destitute of all historical evidence, even of their own law, "The Beni-Israel," or sons of Israel, as they called themselves, clung all the more tenaciously to their paternal customs.

Those in the Konkan became industrious agriculturists and oil-sellers, and in the new settlement of Bombay they found work to do as artizans and shop-keepers and writers, and not a few of them came to be employed as Sepoys in the Bombay army. They have no connection either with the white or the black Jews of Cochin. In two learned papers written for the Bombay Royal Asiatic Society, Mr. Wilson traced them to Yemen or Arabia Felix, the Jews of which they resemble, and with whom they hold intercourse.*

I eagerly watched to see the mouth of the Bancoot river, and catch perchance a shadowy vision of the Máhableshwur precipices, but not the ghost of a mountain was visible. The atmosphere of the Lower Konkan was thick with heat.

The ruins of Severn-droog lie ten miles south of Bancoot. It was an ancient fort prodigiously strengthened by Sivajee. In fact it consisted of three forts welded together. This was one of Angria's principal strongholds, and after

* See "Life of Doctor Wilson," pp. 123, 124.

his death it fell to the lot of Toolagee, and he made the creek that it defended the principal station for his ships. His conduct was so aggressive that in the year 1755 the English and their then allies, the Máhratťas, resolved to subdue him, and Commodore James sailed against the place with a squadron. On the approach of the enemy, Angria's ships slipped their cables and ran out to sea. They were of light construction, and the crews, by fastening to flag staves their robes, quilts, and even turbans, caught every breath of wind, and completely distanced the English. What a rare sight it must have been for the British!

The Commodore commenced operations against the fort, and continued to bombard it in spite of certain information afforded by a deserter. This man informed the Commodore that it would be impossible to make a breach in the side attacked, as the walls, being cut in the solid rock, were nearly eighteen feet thick, and at least fifty high.

The Máhratťa allies behaved in the most cowardly manner, declining to advance their boats

within gunshot. However, in four hours the enemy's fire was silenced, and a great part of the parapet fell. About this time a shell exploded and set fire to one of the store-houses, then a magazine blew up, and the fire spread through the fort. At eleven at night the grand magazine blew up with a tremendous shock; the sight from the sea is said to have been magnificent.

The garrison attempted to escape, but were intercepted and made prisoners by the English ships. Our seamen landed, and cutting down the sally-port with their axes, forced their way into the fort. This was the work of one day, in which the spirited resolution of Commodore James destroyed the timorous notion which had been for years entertained as to the impossibility of reducing any of the Angria's fortified harbours. To follow the fortunes of Commodore James: he returned to England, and was, in the course of time, made a baronet. His widow erected a monument in memory of her late husband on the northern brow of Shooter's Hill, a castellated building of great height. The

inside is fitted up with arms, &c., and the whole is so contrived as to impress the mind with the belief that it is the identical armour appertaining to Angria.*

The evenings at sea were delightful. The captain was a very intelligent man; upon one occasion when I was conversing with him a sailor came to report "a light by the wheel." It proceeded from one of those ingeniously contrived little machines which, attached to a buoy, serve to mark the spot where it is thrown. Through some imperfection in the case the air had penetrated and kindled the contents, although not to their full power. A small slide was opened, and it was thrown into the sea. With the free admission of air and water the light became very bright. We watched it as it surged up and down for nearly twenty minutes in the ship's wake. What a star of hope it would have been to a man overboard! This contrivance has saved many a life.

The mention of chalk, which is one of the

* For these and many other particulars respecting naval warfare see "History of the Indian Navy." C. R. Low.

chemical ingredients employed in making it, led the conversation to the subject of its almost entire absence in India; the captain who had needed a quantity for some purpose had been obliged to purchase it at the price of £20 the ton. In such talk the evenings sped on all too fast. How changed would have been the feelings of all on board had the veil that conceals the future been suddenly raised, and could it have been foreseen that in a few months, in an evening as calm as this one, when not twenty miles from the shore, our ship would quietly sink down beneath the waves, carrying with her the kind captain with whom I was conversing, along with many passengers, and the greater part of the crew!*

* The loss of the *Vingorla*, in the beginning of the year 1880, caused a most painful impression in Bombay. The ship was new, and having been recently examined, was pronounced to be in perfect sailing condition. It was noticed about eight o'clock on the calm evening that she refused to obey her rudder, and it was found that the hold was half full of water. Every possible effort was made to save the ship, but at ten o'clock she settled down. The court of inquiry could elicit nothing as to the cause of this disaster, and to this day the loss of the *Vingorla* remains a mystery.

Rutnagherri is a port at which the steamer was obliged by contract to tarry during four hours of daylight. At one period it belonged to the kingdom of Beejapur, and was one of those forts that with its surrounding territory was always held by an officer high in command. The northern face of the fortified rock is in the form of a crescent which curves into the water, holding in its embrace a high and apparently isolated rock. Both are strongly fortified: the walls that enclose the narrow summit of the hill are strengthened with numerous bastions. An immense number of men must have been requisite in order to guard the place effectually. The fort is said to take its name from the demon Ratuâsur, who was, it is conceived, really an aboriginal king, killed by some Aryan leader. Although a most out of the way place, it is the principal civil station in the Southern Konkan. It has a reading-room and a kind of pleasure ground, and a few bungalows are scattered

It is conjectured that one of her plates may have been damaged by a sword-fish; a vessel was injured in this manner a short time previously.

about. The best was built by a gentleman who lived in it for a short time and then committed suicide. Some engrossing pursuit would be necessary to happiness in such a place; a naturalist would be most at home, for the district abounds in tigers and reptiles—it is celebrated for its snakes.

Yet even Rutnagherri has its season. In the months of January and February, whole fleets of boats enliven the shore. They assemble for the sardine fishing, and it is said to be a pretty sight to see the canoes shooting hither and thither with the tall bronze men who throw the nets, bringing them up ready to burst with silvery fish. Rutnagherri is also celebrated for its oysters and great disappointment was expressed when none were brought on board. If they were similiar to those obtained in Goa, the loss was not very great. There they are, no larger than a fourpenny-piece, and are brought round in little earthen pipkins detached from the shell; they had a flavour of copper, and were best to eat when fried in a pan-cake.

In the morning we anchored off Vingorla,

once an ancient and flourishing town, but upon some occasion the inhabitants rose upon Sivajee's garrison, and in retaliation he burnt it. It is now one of the chief ports of the Southern Máhratta country, but during the monsoon it is closed. At all times troops and goods have to be landed in boats. A few sickly people from the Deccan occasionally visit it, but the only accommodation it affords is that of the travellers' bungalow and a room or two in the forsaken English factory. The Amboli ghât, a pass of almost Italian beauty, leads from thence to Belgaum. Between Vingorla and Goa lie the ruins of Viziadroog (*i.e.*, the fort of victory), or, as it was sometimes called, Gheria. It was a great stronghold of Angria's. In 1724, the Dutch made an attempt to capture it, but it failed. The English had an idea that this, to them almost unknown place, was as strong as Gibraltar; but, hearing that their treacherous allies the Máhrattas wished to get possession of it for themselves, they determined to attack it both by sea and land. It was accordingly invested on the land side by the troops of the great Clive

so that the Máhrattas could hold no communication with it. Admiral Watson attacked it from the sea face. After sharp work the white flag was at last hoisted, and Toolagee Angria, thoroughly humbled, surrendered on the terms dictated by the conquerors. Upwards of two hundred cannon, six brass mortars, and a large quantity of ammunition, together with eight of our countrymen and three Dutchmen, were found in the place. There were thirteen hundred troops in the fort, and these, together with Angria's family, were made prisoners. This occurred in the year 1756. During the bombardment, a shell thrown amongst Angria's fleet burst in the *Restoration*, a vessel the pirate had taken from the Company, and set on fire, and the flames spreading rapidly his whole fleet was in an hour destroyed.

Toolagee died in captivity. Two of his sons made their escape some years after their capture, and were protected at Bombay, where they sought shelter. After this we hear no more of the famous Angria family.

It was noon when we anchored off the beau-

tiful but unhealthy territory of Goa. Fronting us was the small blue Sea of Aguardo, the north side of which is guarded by stern Fort Raies. Carbo, the sunniest of palaces, bounds it to the south. On the trees that surround it grow the Alphonso mango, a fruit so precious that it was formerly reserved for the table of royalty. It is the summer residence of the proud prelate whom the Portuguese still style "Archbishop of India."

Little more than a year had passed since a gay party were assembled within its walls. The archbishop entertained the Governor of Goa and his charming girlish wife, Doña Maria. But fever broke out, and quickly laid low both the archbishop and the Governor. With reference to this occasion, a touching anecdote of Doña Maria is related. She was fondly attached to her more than middle-aged husband, who had loved to stroke her long silky hair, and when he was dead she cut it off and laid it in his coffin. It was the contents of the fine covered tanks, the pride of the place, that worked the mischief. They are relics of the

Hindoo period, when a strong fort occupied the spot, and it is quite possible that they may never have been cleaned out since that time. At any rate, this unfortunate outburst of fever was attributed to the insalubrity of the water.

No sooner had the gun from the fort announced the arrival of the steamer than a whole fleet of flat-bottomed vessels with lateen sails was seen approaching. They were crowded with pilgrims from the shrine of St. Francis Xavier at Old Goa, where the body of the saint was lying in state. The steam was up, and the captain was most anxious to escape before he was boarded; but, unfortunately, the companion-ladder that had been lowered to receive the mails was down, and, before there was time to hoist it, up swarmed the pilgrims, the maimed, the halt, and the blind. The ship's officers in vain attempted to thrust them back.

One paralytic man, whose mournful eyes were the only indication of life, was with great difficulty, for he was very bulky, drawn up in an arm-chair. A girl with a hip complaint followed, and was laid on the deck. The greatest

confusion prevailed. The captain sternly refused to take any luggage. He was already, with his large number of horses, overladen. "It must follow in a pilgrim vessel," he said. The screw gave the scream called the Dumbarton shriek, so pleasant to the ears of the Scotch on board, and the ship curved round on its way, when suddenly there was a counter-order, and it stopped. A cutter bearing a flag approached, and from it scrambled a gentleman, a friend of the captain's, who was in a singular dilemma. He was in command of a troopship, and was about to take men from Goa to Mozambique, a settlement that had risen against the Portuguese authority. He had shipped three hundred soldiers, and about fifty officers and people concerned, and when they were on board it was found that all commissariat arrangements had been forgotten, and that there was nothing for them to eat. In a state of wild despair, the unfortunate captain rushed on shore and bought up all the provisions that were to be procured, to the amount of fifteen hundred rupees, but the quantity was quite insufficient. What was

he to do? His friend consented to tarry and help him, so our departure was postponed until midnight. I took advantage of the dilemma, and seized my opportunity. "Then, captain, have you any objection to let such passengers as desire it go up to Old Goa and visit the shrine of St. Xavier?" The captain looked grave, but he was good-natured, and permission was accorded. A party was quickly made up, and in half an hour I found myself in one of the pilgrim-boats, sitting under a palm awning upon a dirty floor, in company with an officer from Madras, who was silent from the beginning to the end of the expedition, a civilian in the Survey Department, a rough and very fat old tea-planter, and the boy that had been brought out to grow, along with a French gentleman and his friend, evidently mercantile.

CHAPTER V.

A Disappointment—Carriage-drive to Old Goa—Town of Bandora—Body of St. Francis Xavier—Authenticity of the Remains—Letter of the Rev. Leo Meurin—Urasian Pilgrims—Carwar—Decay of the Bamboo—Bearers and Conveyances—Peepul-trees—Coomta—Termination of the Journey.

WE paddled slowly across the Sea of Aguardo, past the palm-shaded shore where I had so often sat with those I loved, and then, rounding a spit of sand, we entered the lovely Rio, and found ourselves amidst a crowd of pattemars, with high poops, laden with salt, tobacco, and spices. Others were heaped up with fruits for Bombay—great hands of plantains, golden pines, and other rich productions of the warm swampy soil.

The pattemars sail excellently. There were larger vessels, with carved sterns, and little windows filled in with thin plates of mother-of-pearl instead of glass. Then we ran along parallel with the pink, and buff, and many-gabled houses of the town, and finally landed among a crowd of pilgrims in holiday gear.

Here we met with a disappointment. The little screw-steamer we had trusted in was not there, and time would not allow of our paddling four miles up to Old Goa against a strong tide. Fortunately my Portuguese servant was able to procure a couple of small carriages. For my companions I chose the survey gentleman and the youth, who was a light weight, and leaving behind the rest of the party, who were solacing themselves with brandy and soda-water, we set off at a good pace through the town, and along the fine sea-dyke that leads to the picturesque little town of Bandora, with its bygone palaces, to each of which is attached a chapel and a theatre. They are the largest houses to be found out of Italy. They are inhabited by such of the old Urasian families as

remain. Though fallen in fortune, this race still exhibit traces of their former splendour. Some of them have as many as forty servants under their roof (a tradition of the old slave days), and live in a patriarchal fashion, with two or three generations under the same roof.

The Goanese Urasians date from the period of Albuquerque, who, on taking possession of Goa, made captive many females of good family. These ladies he judged it politic to give in marriage to his European followers, making it an absolute condition that the brides should embrace Christianity. History relates that on one occasion a number of such weddings had been followed by a splendid festival, but, the lights being prematurely extinguished, the happy couples got confused in the darkness, and fell into many mistakes. Later on an investigation was proposed, but it was thought best that each man should rest content with the wife that had fallen to his share. The race settled down, and favoured by their patron, who bestowed upon them estates, and slaves,

and good appointments, they became a rich and powerful community.

I had left the grey ruins of Old Goa mouldering in the silent jungle, and now the first object to greet my eye was a huge, garish, two-storied building, with rows of glittering windows, and a lofty doorway, over which, in letters a foot high, were the words "Grand Hotel," whilst round it clustered a town of mud huts and tents, where the poorer pilgrims obtained shelter and food. The air was tainted with the smell of fried fish and garlic. A considerable crowd was assembled before the fine church of the Bom Jesu, built in the form of a Latin cross. It was in the Bom Jesu that St. Francis spent the first night he passed in Goa, praying before the altar for the spiritual welfare of the people whom he found plunged in wickedness, and within the walls of which his body usually rests in a splendid tomb.

We followed a young priest and a few other people to a side-door in the cloisters, and, after a short delay, were admitted into the church. In the centre of the cross, raised upon a high

railed platform, lay the body, upon a catafalque, surmounted by a canopy of cloth of gold. Pausing for a moment, I had time to examine the fine silver chasing about the shrine, and then, being beckoned up by the officer on duty, I stepped on to the platform, and passed round the shrine at my leisure, being even invited to do so a second time. What struck me most was the small size of the body, and more especially of the skull, and of the hand that lay upon the breast. Only one arm remains, the other having been severed from the body in 1614, after which the figure was said to wither. It was sent to Rome, where I had seen it, never dreaming that I should behold the body to which it had been attached. The face, which retained the skin, was of a grey, livid colour, like leather that had been soaked. The nasal bone was exposed. The skin of the feet was dark and thick, and had split up into strips, while the bones of the toes protruded—two of them, indeed, were wanting.* I stood for some time,

* One of them was bitten off in 1554, by a Portuguese lady called "Doña Isabel di Carum, who was anxious to

and then, making my reverence to the body of the good and great man, passed round again, in order to examine the rich vestments which covered it. There was no glass to impede the view. They were beautifully embroidered and studded with pearls. They were the gift of Doña Maria Sophia, wife of Dom Pedro II., King of Portugal, made about the year 1693. The chasuble bears the arms of the queen, with the following inscription, "Suo S. Xvier, Maria Sophia Regina, Portugalis." The queen took in return the saint's beretta, or cap, which, in order to secure his intercession, she placed on her head at the time of her confinement.

Quitting the dais I remained for a time regarding the devotees that knelt along the sides of the long nave, and the groups that were assembled in the centre. It was a scene of touching simplicity. The interior of the church was, according to the Portuguese fashion, whitewashed. The priests, of course, were draped in black; the other men wore suits of grey

possess a relic of the saint." See "Historical and Archæological Sketch of Goa," by J. N. Fronseca.

cloth, and dark-blue stockings. The women, like so many ghosts, were shrouded in the ample white garment which is the holiday costume of the Christian females of the territory. I have since heard doubts expressed as to the authenticity of the body. I have none myself. It bears a very natural appearance of age; and with regard to such relics, many of which are extant, see the head of St. Philip in the Cathedral of the Assumption at Moscow. It must be remembered that bodies, or the members of bodies, thus preserved are those of ascetics, who existed on the sparest diet, and died in a state of emaciation.

Some persons may be interested in the question, and for their benefit I insert part of the copy of a letter published in the *Catholic Examiner*, December 12th, 1878; written by the Rev. L. Meurin, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Bombay, a gentleman possibly not unprejudiced, but of the highest probity.

"I wish to call to your memory the following facts: That his body was placed in a coffin filled with unslacked lime, for the purpose of

accelerating the decomposition, so that the bones might be ready to be removed at the time of the return of the Portuguese to Malacca; and that, on re-opening the coffin on the 17th of February, 1558, more than two months after the burial, the body was found uncorrupted, and on an incision being made in the thigh, fresh blood issued copiously from it. A fact which repeated itself when, on the 23rd of March of the same year, the body was hurt whilst being placed in a narrow vault outside the Church of Our Lady in Malacca; that, when taken out from that hurried resting-place one day of the following August, it was found as fresh as before, and diffusing a sweet fragrance, but the face was injured by a falling sharp stone; that it was taken to Goa, and placed, on the 15th of March, 1554, in the Church of St. Paul, of which now only the façade remains, whence it was removed, in 1560, to the Chapel of St. Thomas, to the College of St. Paul, and then to the professional house of the 'Bom Jesu;' that, on the 3rd of November, 1614, his right arm was cut

off by order of Paul V., who wished to possess 'that arm' that had built up the Church of the Orient;' on which occasion blood issued again copiously from the body. The arm was taken to Portugal, and thence to Rome. . . . . The body, which from that time began to shrivel, was translated in 1655 to the Church of the 'Bom Jesu,' where it has been kept up to this time, and twice exposed to the view and veneration of the Christian people; first, from the 9th till the 12th of February, 1722, and then from the 3rd of December, 1859, till the 8th of January, 1860.

"It is not here the place to record the miracles that happened on all the occasions mentioned. They have been duly examined, and, when found to have been evidently the work of God, have been declared as such by the competent ecclesiastical authorities. . . . . I am told that it was a moving and imposing sight when the four bishops, in mitre and cope, lifted up the cover that hid the saint's body. I stood a long time gazing at the head, the hands, and the feet; for they alone were un-

covered. A rich chasuble, embroidered with gold and pearls, covered the rest of the body. I looked at him, as others did three centuries ago, and I stood convinced that this was the same body, once the tabernacle of that noble and holy soul chosen by God for the salvation of millions of souls. I kissed most reverently the feet of him that preached the Gospel of Peace, and was then carried away from the privileged place I occupied by the order of the day, which was to grant to as many as possible the consolation of seeing 'God's marvel in His saint.' In the evening, the bishop was permitted to examine the body at leisure. . . . . .

"We clearly found the injuries which the body had received on the afore-mentioned occasions. I was allowed to lift up the right foot, and, being by no means of an enthusiastic frame of mind, to inspect it leisurely on all sides. The right foot was quite complete and intact; the heel, the sole, the toes, the nails, the muscles and tendons beneath the skin, everything in perfect order and well-preserved, though hardened, shrivelled, and of a brownish colour.

The left foot I found somewhat injured, the second toe hanging, broken, the three smaller ones missing, and the skin of the heel was in some parts detached, yet very strongly coherent, like the strongest leather. The right cheek and the tip of the nose appeared injured, but the eyes were full and not at all sunk in; so too the abdomen, as the physician told me who had examined the body. The left hand showed in like manner the sinews beneath the skin, and the fingers with the nails in perfect preservation. *Nowhere any signs of decay.* The purpose of God's working this undeniable miracle is to prove the sanctity of his servant and the veracity of his teaching. The religion, therefore, taught by Saint Francis Xavier is therefore a divine religion. It is the only one that has ever been confirmed by the visible finger of God, by miracles which neither nature nor angels, nor devils are able to perform by their own innate powers.

"LEO MEURIN, S.J."

In the morning I was early on deck, desirous

of seeing the pilgrims, who had settled down in groups. Among them were three young women of very respectable appearance. Although they were Urasians, and, after the Urasian fashion, wore every mixture of garish colours that could fight, their features were exceedingly plain. They spoke English fluently, and we soon entered into conversation with them. They had made the pilgrimage from Travancore, and were returning home delighted with the pious expedition that was to work their spiritual good. During the fortnight of their residence in Old Goa, they had hired a little hut to live in. Their provisions they bought ready cooked at one of the stalls that had offended our olfactory nerves. They attended all the services in the Bom Jesu, and spent the rest of their time in rambling about. Numerous were the miracles that they averred had taken place before the shrine, but when pressed they honestly confessed that not one of the cures had come under their personal observation. I pointed to the poor paralytic creature. "What benefit," I asked, "has that man derived

from his pilgrimage?" They eagerly replied that when carried to the shrine he had found himself able to move. It might have been true, for faith works wonders.

Our interesting conversation was terminated by our arrival off Carwar; but I may mention that on my return voyage, by which time the body of the saint had been replaced in his splendid tomb, I heard from good authority that those most interested were disappointed in the number of pilgrims, although numbers had come from Portugal. Provision had been made for at least sixty thousand persons, and not more than half that number had visited the shrine. Carwar is now, through certain intrigues, the chief town for the export of cotton in the Southern Máhratta country. Sometimes it has been called Sadashivagar, that being the name of the ancient fort that crowns an eminence on the north side of the bay. Like the other towns upon the coast, it has had its evil as well as its good times. It escaped, however, being sacked and burnt by Sivajee, who preferred exacting from it a heavy contribution, towards which the

English factory contributed. After his visit, he re-embarked for Rajghur, but a gale of wind drove him north, and kept him many days at sea. This delay was supposed to indicate displeasure on the part of his tutelary goddess. It was the only naval enterprise on which Sivajee in person embarked.

We ran under the shelter of a noble headland, an island barely separated from the mainland, passed the daintiest of silver-stranded coves, the ladies' bathing-place, and dropped anchor in the land-locked bay. Here I found myself claimed, and was in a few minutes scudding towards the pier in a white-sailed Government yacht, passing many of the flat-bottomed boats balanced by the outrigger peculiar to this coast and to Ceylon. Half an hour later, and I was resting in a shady verandah, perched far up on the side of a high hill, looking down over the lovely prospect with delight. I was to leave in the evening, and my friends (strangers though they were, I must call them so) proposed a drive, but I preferred a quiet chat, discussing with my hostess many an

Italian view familiar to us both, pausing to admire the fine hill covered with wood that hid away the open sea, and then to look down upon the sail-flecked bay, and over the range of distant mountains that bordered on the territory of Goa. The slight haze that deepened every distance lent an indescribable softness to the view, the want of which is often to be regretted in Indian scenery. Beautiful as it was, we came to the conclusion that one of the great charms of the Italy we were talking of was wanting—it was colour. The sky above us was pale, and so was the water that reflected it. Carwar at one period belonged to the Portuguese, and the Roman Catholic churches in Bombay were in its diocese.

The appearance of the adjacent country had, I was told, suffered from the decay of that most graceful production of Nature, the bamboo. Whole districts of it spring up at the same time, attain their full growth in about thirty years,—but respecting the exact period people differ,—and then die, after having seeded. The poor eagerly collect this seed, for it yields

excellent flower, and has, in famine years, been the means of preserving many lives. There is a saying that there is a natural timber box and flint in every bamboo grove. "Its siliceous coating," remarks Tod,* "makes it by far the most ready instrument of Agni (fire), whom the Hindoos worship as a divinity." A volume might be written upon the various uses to which it may be applied. Among others it makes excellent organ pipes. There is an instrument in the cathedral at Shanghai made of them that gives forth an excellent tone. The peasants in the neighbourhood of Carwar manufacture terra japonica from the mimosa catchu (the native keiri), which grows all over the neighbouring hills, but nowhere else in the Peninsula.

Shortly before sunset, the bearers, fourteen in number, arrived along with a couple of coolies, who were engaged to carry the small amount of luggage, and a policeman who was to act as arbitrator in the constant disputes that were to vary the monotony of the journey. Some days before bearers are required, a

* Tod's "Western India," p. 38.

Government notice, stating the number necessary, is sent to the patel, or head officer of each village, and he is bound to furnish the necessary number of men. The mileage, according to a fixed tariff, is paid in to a Government office at the end of the journey. The conveyances sent were a dhoolie and a muncheel; the former, being enclosed by shutters, is considered the most fitting for a lady, but it was rejected by me as being too like a coffin. The canvas boat is more agreeable to the feelings, as escape can be made from it in a difficulty. The roof was made of some thick material covered with chintz and trimmed with little frills, and, by aid of a rope held in each hand, it could be so manœuvred as to keep off the sun and wind. It is, however, at best a miserable way of travelling. Sitting up throws the weight unequally upon the bearers, and to recline is most uncomfortable.

After many vain struggles the victim sinks helplessly into a confusion of bags, and shawls, and books, and sandwiches, obtaining, if he loves a prospect, an oblique view of the land-

scape as it glides away. The continuous song of the men is half soothing, half irritating; the hindermost one to the right tunes up, and the rest strike in, ringing the changes upon five notes of the scale, fitting them either with nonsensical words, or such sentences as "The river is coming," "The town is coming," "Oh, we are weary!" "Oh, she's a handsome lady!" or possibly the reverse, if the intention of the burden to reward liberally be doubted. The road skirted the coast, and, the bearers being fishermen, sang much as they would have done whilst dragging in their nets. Heard in the dark hours of the night the sound is not unpleasant, and, when softened by distance, it becomes agreeable. The constant shaking made it impossible to sleep, and if perchance slumber stole on, it was only to dream that demons were playing at ball with one's head, and dancing a saraband round the body.

Every eight or ten miles the bearers are changed, and the muncheels are plumped down in a spot that affords support to one end of the pole, that it may not rest upon the traveller.

Each man has a present at the end of the stage, and this is an ever-renewed apple of discord. Threepence is a liberal sum to give; the most sanguine man hopes not for more, but still the wrangling goes on, being apparently one of the few excitements of their monotonous lives. After a time the clamour subsides, the vehicles are lifted, and the voices strike up. In the fine clear night a considerable variety of scenery was perceptible. Sometimes the bearers trotted along the hard sand, scattering the crabs; the salt spray fell cool upon the face, and the great stars, reflected in the water, danced about; and then the road would suddenly turn inland, through thick woods where the owls hooted, and the monkeys, disturbed from slumber, went crashing through the tree-tops. Morning dawned and disclosed a village, with a temple covered over in patterns of red fresco on a white ground. There were numbers of great peepul-trees with ringed platforms round them, also painted, and they were set with oiled stones and grotesque images.

The distinguishing features of this part of

Canara are the numerous estuaries which run far inland to receive the streams that descend the southern ghâts. There are no less than seven to cross between Carwar and Honore. Some of them are very wide and beautiful, and the vegetation, that flourishes in the warm, humid air, is exuberant. We crossed one broad estuary just before sunrise. The tall cocoa-nut palms stood out black silhouettes against a horizon of fervid orange-red. When we saw it again the waving palms were turned to silver, and the broad stream rippled in the moonlight.

These estuaries were crossed with great skill. Sometimes the muncheel was gently placed upon a tree-hollowed canoe, or upon two bound together. Sometimes I left it to its fate, and was paddled over to the opposite bank, where I sat to watch its arrival. Occasionally the whole party embarked on one of the great platforms that convey the buffaloes from shore to shore in search of fresh pasture. Patience was required when the ferrymen were not at their post, or a new band of bearers had

to be roused from their slumbers in some distant spot. This inconvenience was consequent upon the tardiness of the steamer, and my pocket suffered from the delay, as I had to make up to the men the twenty hours they had lost in waiting for me.

About sixteen miles from Honore is the once prosperous town of Coomta, the prosperity of which passed away when the cotton-trade was diverted into another channel.* It is a large place, and the long, winding bazaar was charmingly picturesque. Quaint designs were traced upon the white houses, and the palm-matting stretched across from house to house, made a cheerful shade, pierced by stray sunbeams that danced about the crimson capsicums and golden plantains, and shone upon the brass vessels.

The Canerese people are a fine and handsome race, and are carefully and becomingly clad. Among the women there is a curious custom. Each time that they attend an im-

* It has now, however, just regained a little of its former prosperity.

portant religious ceremony they hang a string of bright-coloured beads round their neck, each addition being a little longer than the last, and in time they form a glittering breast-plate that descends to the waist. The beads are imported from China. Most of the people belong to the Vishnava sect, who attend the Juggernath festival. And here, as well as in other places, huge carved cars were to be seen. There are great gatherings throughout this country when the pilgrims are passing on their way to Orissa.

Coomta stands near the mouth of a winding estuary. Very early in history we hear of the black rocks that guard it still. Many a boat, preciously laden, has passed that barrier on its way from the town of Musiris. Even now the place, under the name of Mirja, enjoys a little trade. It may be four or five miles higher up than Coomta. I shall, further on, have a word to say respecting it and this ancient fort.

The last stage of the journey was trying. The bearers left the shady high road, and took a short cut over the fields. The soles of their feet must have been as impervious as horn, for

they trod the rough stubble of the millet and the sugar-cane without wincing. It was land that could be irrigated at pleasure; but the only crop at present under water was rice. The shoots were about three inches high, and were of a very vivid green, but not thick enough to prevent the water from reflecting the adjacent trees. This produced a most curious effect. Here and there were tiny pools, protected by a strange sort of aloe. Glorious patches of colour; for they were covered with the blossoms of a lotus, the hue of which is between crimson and purple; there was also the beautiful white variety. These were probably cultivated for sale, almost every part of this plant being edible. The natives are very partial to its succulent stems. Many young trees of the fig-tribe were dotted about. They were in fruit, and the bright coral of their hue contrasted charmingly with the leaves of tender green.

The fields were intersected by high ridges of earth, up which, nimble as cats, the bearers scrambled, keeping the narrow path with per-

fect ease, and steering the muncheel through surprisingly narrow gaps. Their bodies streamed with perspiration, else even their dark skins must have been blistered by the heat of the sun. I looked at my watch, and thought of the crowds at home that would at that very time be trudging, probably through mud or snow, on their afternoon way to church, for it was Christmas Day. My reverie was interrupted; for, after passing up a green path shaded by noble trees, I was put down before a verandah, in which my friends, with smiles, stood ready to greet me.

CHAPTER VI.

Honore—The Christmas Holidays—The Mandra—A Theatrical Representation—Canerese Dancing Girls—"Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star"—Fortified Island—Mirja—Exports of Musiris—Old Fort at Honore—The Little Ghât—Legends of the Banyan-tree—The Betel-nut Palm—Curious Map—Sandal Wood.

FIFTY years ago Honore was an important station belonging to the Madras Presidency, but, in consequence of some alteration regarding the movement of troops, the station was transferred to Bombay, and Honore was reduced to an obscure position. This, together with the loss of its trade, the consequence of the dangerous bar, which has destroyed the once fine harbour, has caused its almost complete decay. The remains of its palmy days consist

of a house taken by the Bâle Mission, and three rooms of a fine bungalow, once occupied by the district judge, in which I was a guest. One of these rooms was a nursery, the other a dining-room, the third was placed at my disposal, large tents being raised in the compound for the accommodation of the rest of the family. My pleasant chamber, which was so long and light that it might once have been a gallery, commanded a view of the stable and farm department, very agreeable to a lover of animals. The creatures lived, I may say, *in* a banyan-tree. The great dome of its leafy top was their roof, and their homes were in the arched recesses formed by its many boles. Besides the horses, secured by heel-straps, after the manner of the country, there were a buffalo with a young one, a cow and a calf, and a pretty white goat, with a kid that took to skipping the very hour after it was born, which happened to be on the day of my arrival; in one corner were sheep, and its delight was to get on their backs and jump from one to the other.

The Christmas holidays last ten days, during

which period the natives think themselves at liberty to enjoy life, and make as much noise as possible. The firing of rusty old muskets, the tom-toming, the shouting, and the sound of crackers, went on all night, to the distraction of the lady of the house, whose servants were always asking for leave at the most inconvenient hours. One afternoon we were favoured by the natives with a kind of theatrical representation, which took place in the mandra. This charming addition to all Canerese houses consists of a carefully-prepared strip of ground on the outside of the verandah, marked out by a ridge of clay, and protected from the sun by a sweet-smelling matting of palm-leaves, supported on stout poles of bamboo.

The performance was opened by the advance of a youth curiously attired, leading a wailing woman, whose face was concealed by her sari. The youth struck the strings of his vina, and told the poor woman that her child had been carried off by tigers. Then there arrived a tracker, stripped to the waist, gesticulating, and pointing with a short sword to a couple of

men who came creeping in on all fours, with fierce whiskers painted on their cheeks, and their bodies striped yellow and black—the culprits, who roared and grappled with one another. The tracker goes away, and presently returns, bringing with him a man meant to represent an English sahib, wearing a rosy-cheeked mask, and dressed in the cast-off suit of some sportsman. He carries a gun, with which the wailing woman entreats him to kill the tigers, but he regards them with horror, trembles, and his knees knock together. The tigers roar, he throws down his weapon, and, calling loudly for his puttah-wallee, sinks into his arms in a fainting state, and is borne away amid the loud laughter of the native, and the fainter smiles of the European audience. The natives have a keen sense of humour, and dearly love the pleasure of seeing us ridiculed.

Each man attached to the establishment asked in turn to be permitted to spend the night out, in order that he might enjoy the jungle recreation of turning himself into a boag, or tiger.

One entertainment was got up especially for my amusement. I had never seen a nautch, and the dancing-girls of Canara are celebrated members of the sisterhood. The verandah was illuminated for the performers, and our chairs were placed in the mandra. The principal dancers, of whom there were two, wore very full crimson petticoats, just so short as to display the glittering silver anklets. Their large hooped nose and earrings were set with pearls, and their black hair was profusely adorned with yellow flowers. One of the musicians, by whom they were attended, played upon the cylindrical drum of the country, which he struck with two fingers, while the others had stringed instruments. The girl who was considered to be the most skilful was plump and rather handsome, with a complexion the tint of *café au lait;* her companion was thin and dark, but she was the most graceful of the two. A long time was spent in the arrangement of their voluminous muslin scarfs, after which the performance commenced. It consisted more of attitudinizing and of undulating movements than of what we

should call dancing, and the motions of the performers were remarkably slow and quiet. They sang at the same time in a nasal tone, but the music of the band was soft and harmonious. Occasionally their full garments were furled out in a way that reminded one of some frescoed nymph of antiquity. There was nothing exciting in the performance, but it was modest and graceful, and disposed one to slumber. The half dreamy state induced is probably to Easterns one of the charms of such exhibitions. Suddenly the measure changed, the gestures became animated, the arms moved as if mowing, the body was inclined. But what were the words I heard? I was wide awake now.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little *tar*,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so *I*,
Like a diamond in the *ki*."

Oh, that the hymn, the delight of so many nurseries, should come to be sung by Canerese dancing-girls at a nautch! It must have been

taught to them by some wicked, wicked Englishman.

I spent a delightful fortnight at Honore. The compound stretched along the brow of a high cliff composed of red sand-stone. It was pleasant to sit on the low wall, where one could look down upon the wavy crowns of the cocoa-nut trees that grew in the dell beneath, over to the little pier where the people were busy marking the grey pyramids of salt with the Government brand, and further still to the broad blue estuary with its fringe of palms. To the north the white foam curled over the bar which has proved fatal to so many lives. The water there shoals many feet in an hour; the current runs out with the force of the Bore of the Ganges, and the sea all around will be agitated as if a furious tempest were blowing, although it is quite calm inland. Sometimes I awoke in the night "when the harbour bar was sounding."

There was no difficulty in entering the estuary at the time when the Portuguese, Francisco Almeyda, the first of that magnifi-

cent line of viceroys, came sailing in with his galleys. Its further side is bounded by a great rocky promontory, round which the sea has found its way, and it is now called Fortified Island. Six miles off, still going north, lies the little town of Mirja, before referred to, all that remains of the ancient and once prosperous port of Musiris. To Musiris the frail bark of the celebrated Hippalus was wafted over the hitherto unattempted ocean by what we call the monsoon winds; but in Arabia, the great aerial currents for centuries bore the name of the ancient navigator.

There are other instances recorded of vessels having been caught by the monsoon and wafted to the shores of India, among them that of Annis Plocamus, farmer of the revenue of the Red Sea, to the Emperor Claudius, whose ship, coasting along the Arabian Gulf where it joins the Indian Ocean, ventured too far from the shore, and, being caught by the monsoon, was transported, beyond sight of land, to the Island of Ceylon.

Pliny gives an account of Musiris, but, more

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to the present purpose, Arrian makes mention of its exports—"pearls in great abundance and of extraordinary beauty, a variety of silk stuffs, rich perfumes, tortoise-shell, different sorts of transparent gems, especially diamonds, and pepper in large quantities and of the best quality." *

In 1569 Honore is heard of as a rich and beautiful city with a strong fort. It then belonged to the Queen of Gerseppa, whose history, and one fancies that it must have been a romantic one, is now forgotten. We know only that she was unfortunate, for it was in her day that the Portuguese made a descent upon the place, which they plundered and burnt.†

* We are assured on undisputed authority that the Romans remitted annually to India a sum equivalent to four hundred thousand pounds to pay for their investments, and that, in the reign of the Ptolemies, one hundred and twenty-five sail of Indian shipping were at one time lying in the ports of Mysus, Hormus, and Berenice, the ports whence Egypt, Syria, and Rome itself were supplied with the products of India, and whence the pepper of Malabar found its way into the cell of a monk during the Saxon heptarchy. Tod's "Western India," p. 221.

† Dr. Fryer does not give a lenient opinion as to the

But there is a sad tale connected with the place that comes more home to our feelings. Principally on account of the pepper and sandal-wood grown in the adjacent forests, the English in 1670 established at Honore a factory, or fortified stone house, with an establishment of eighteen persons, all of whom came to a melancholy end. A fine bull-dog, presented to the chief factor by an English captain whose ship lay in the estuary, pulled down and killed, when out on an excursion, a cow belonging to a temple, which so enraged the natives that they rose and murdered the whole band. The victims were buried in a pit by some friendly hand, and the chief of the factory at Carwar sent a memorial-stone to put over it, on which were engraved the names of John Best and his seventeen companions. This stone has disappeared, and the spot where it was placed is

condition of the people of Honore, whom the Portuguese had failed to bring over to their church. "Those that continue in their Paganism are the most impiously irreligious of any of the Indians, being too conversant with the Devil." See Journal, p. 224.

unknown. Facts fade into shadows, and are soon forgotten by the ever-changing English community, and no European can now point out the site of the old fort at Honore. But it played a somewhat important part in its day. It was taken from the "Tiger-warrior," Tippoo, by a Captain Torriano, who, in the midst of great suffering, defended the prize with successful bravery. Five hundred people are said to have perished within its walls of pestilence, and then it vanishes from history.

A descending, zig-zag path, called by the children the Little Ghât, led to a magnificent avenue of banyan-trees, which had been carefully planted at regular intervals when Honore was a favourite station. In the soft, humid climate of Malabar they grow to perfection. I loved to be alone in this vast vault of verdure. The dim obscurity, the long, pendent rootlets, the strange form of the clustered pillars of these trees that never die, inspire a feeling of awe. The Fiscus Indicus goes on renewing itself, and there is no physical impediment to that under which Buddha sat being seen at the present

moment. The Brahmins in their ancient writings take us back to the very birth of this glorious production of Nature. They say that the gods, after the sacrifice of Indra's inauguration, went up to heaven and tilted over their soma cups, "whence banyan-trees grew,"* the airy, descending rootlets representing the streams of sweet, exhilarating liquor. Dr. Livingstone had also his romance respecting the tree that so often sheltered him. "The banyan," he says, "is a sacred tree all over India and Africa, and the tender roots which drop down towards the ground are used as a medicine, a universal remedy. Can it be a tradition of its being like the tree of life which Archbishop Whately conjectures may have been used in Paradise to render men immortal?" †

Another pleasure was to wander along the

* Mr. Wallace remarks that trees such as these, whose trunks are formed by a miniature forest of aerial roots, "are rare or altogether unknown in America." See "Tropical Nature," p. 33.

† See Livingstone's last Journals, vol. i, p. 144.

green lanes of the scattered settlement, in which lived a Brahmini population, the numbers of which were considerable. Most unlike was it to any town that I had previously visited; the houses all standing alone, each set down in the little plot of ground which was the proprietor's wealth. The dwelling would be shaded, but not concealed, by the cocoa-nut,* and the betel-nut palm, the stem of which is not more than six inches in diameter, although it attains a perfectly perpendicular growth of some sixty feet. The nuts that it bears upon its mop-shaped head, and which grow in a peculiar manner, are very valuable, and are distributed at every native entertainment. About March, a thick, green cover, about four feet long, by two and a half broad, forms at the top of the tree, and then dries and falls off. Being very strong it is made into sacks. In this cover there is a shell, which, when fully developed, measures two feet in length; and

* Natives love the pleasant rustle of this tree. They say that it delights in conversation.

out of this bursts a large bunch of nuts, divided into three branches. Round the stem the graceful pepper-vine loves to twine. As these trees do not admit of undergrowth they are very wholesome near a house.

The houses belonging to these little proprietors were large, and the pitch of the heavily-thatched roof very steep, the chupper in some instances coming down so low as to shelter the verandah. The mandra was not covered in, but was washed over with a thick wash of cow-dung and water, even as some woven substance, which secured it from insects and glare. In the centre of the mandra stood the family altar, where most of the household affairs were transacted. Heaps of golden grain were piled up ready to be sifted. There the brass vessels were polished and set in order, and there stood the great, bulging lotas full of water, just drawn up from the well. At the end of the mandra there was a raised divan, equally well prepared, and ornamented with stripes and scrolls of red paint. It was years

since I had read the old romance of "Paul and Virginia," but these dwellings recalled to my mind the description of the abode in which those romantic young people dwelt.

Several temples, glowing with rich colours, were scattered about, doubtless old and curious, but they possessed nothing architecturally interesting, being mere halls supported by pillars.

The most interesting place in Honore, as it is in all Indian villages, was the bazaar; tiny and narrow, winding and most picturesque, in which one could linger without being much observed. No better place for scrutinizing the different castes that passed to and fro, a streaming population that filled it with colour; each man with the mark upon his forehead so often alluded in the Scriptures. The bulk of the people were Vishnavas, whose custom it is to draw a line in white paint down each side of the nose, intended to represent the feet of Vishnu; but there were dissenting followers of the same deity, who were content to symbolize one foot by marking a single line upon the forehead.

Such marks are daily renewed at the temple. Some sectarial marks, such as the above, are made of paint, but they are generally composed of sandal-powder, turmeric, and cow-dung.

Teachers might be seen in this thoroughfare, surrounded by attentive listeners, to whom they were explaining some ancient hymn or code of religious rules of great antiquity. Whenever I heard a venerable old native holding forth (although he might be talking of the price of grain, for aught I knew) a passage in Sir Alexander Grant's little "Biography of Xenophon" would occur to me. "India," he says, "of the present day, throws light on many of the features of ancient Greek society. . . . . Often, in the Indian bazaars, you may see Socrates, or something like him, in the person of some stout Brahmin, good-humouredly lounging about in loose robes, and with bare legs, ready to discuss for hours with all comers any topic that may turn up. . . . . The resemblance is, doubtless, an external one, yet still there is the same simple notion of life: contented with the barest necessaries,

and cheered by the play of the intellect in talk."

Weary from rambling, it was delightful to rest in the shady verandah, and look down over the wide expanse of sleepy blue sea, flecked with the lateen sails of fleets of fishing boats, and watch the birds and the rapid course of the canoes. Few people, I should suppose, can live in the tropics and fail to observe the evident pleasure taken by the feathered race in human society. They will discover your favourite haunt, perch upon the same branch day after day, and look down upon you with their cunning eyes, delighting in conversation, returning chirp by chirp, and evidently charmed by some feeble imitation of their song. The impudent familiarity of the crows at Honore was astounding. They used to cut off a corner by flying, as a matter of course, through the dining-room, and one day they made off with the greater part of a dish of preserved citron that my hostess had put out in the sun to dry. Fortunately she will never know that I was too

much amused to give the alarm as quickly as I might have done. The portion that remained was effectually guarded by a gun which warned them of the danger of approaching it.

There was a map of the district lying about that puzzled me. There were strings of names too numerous to be those of towns or villages, and they could not, I supposed, be those of estates, as I had understood that in India there were no local gentry. I found, however, that I was mistaken. They proved to be the names of county residences, with land attached to them, a condition of things quite peculiar to Canara, loneliness being usually unsafe. But this country, guarded by its almost impenetrable forests from inland aggression, has, when compared with other parts of India, enjoyed the blessings of peace. It was overrun by the Mogul, but never really conquered until it fell under the sword of Tippoo, who treated the inhabitants with the greatest cruelty, but on his fall it passed quietly under the rule of England. Owing to this state of things fortified

villages were unnecessary, and instead of them there are the solitary abodes of landed proprietors.

Many of the people about Honore are in possession of ancient papers, conferring upon them the privilege of gathering pepper, collecting honey, and other forest rights. The country about had been laid bare by the hand of the woodman and the charcoal burner, and the drives were not pretty. The hills were once covered with the sandal-tree, which is indigenous in this country. If permitted it would grow to a tolerable size, but the wood is so valuable that it is cut down at an early stage, and one more than a foot broad is seldom to be met with. The wood is either red, yellow, or a whitish brown, and, from its colour and size, is called the first, second, or third quality of sandal wood. That of the brightest colour and strongest scent is most esteemed. No insect or iron rust can exist within its influence. The wood and oil extracted from the dust and shavings are used by the Hindoos and Parsees

in their religious ceremonies. The most lucrative markets for the sale of sandal wood are in China.

Sometimes in the evening we climbed a rocky hill which commanded a fine panoramic view over mountain and sea, but oftener we took the large boat awaiting us at the little pier, and crossed the estuary, a delightful sail of three miles, often extended by our turning out of our course to watch the fishermen as they hauled up their nets, or lay in wait off the stake nets in their tree-hollowed canoes. They often caught a silvery-looking fish that resembled whiting. These we used to take home with us, but the saumur—the salmon of the Indian Ocean—is only to be got at night.

Landing on the inner beach, a quarter of a mile's walk brought us face to face with the great salt water waves. As we traversed the sandy spit the children would run races with the seed of some plant, a ball of spikes as big as a child's head, that went scudding along before the wind, and often outstripped them.

When the true shore was reached, the little boys would be tumbled into the water, while their seniors rested and drank in the breeze.

CHAPTER VII.

The Falls of Gerseppa—Mysore Bullocks—Our Canoe—The Giants of the Forests—The Raja—La Dame Blanche—Varied Vegetation—Luxurious Dinner—Strange Story of a Photographic Apparatus—A Bit of Sentiment—The Jungle—Climbing Plants—Cardamum.

BY the sea-shore we planned our visit to the Falls of Gerseppa, or Jög, as it is more correct to call them, which rank among the great water-falls of the world, and are spoken of as the "third sight to be seen in India," the first being the Himalayas, and the second the Taj at Agra. They are formed by a sudden break in the Shiravati (like its sister-rivers it has many names, but this is its usual designation) about six hundred feet across. Geologists

are undetermined whether to refer it to some sudden convulsion, or to the slow effect of time during unthinkable ages. The great stream, clearing the precipice, takes a leap of eight hundred and ninety feet, and falls boiling into a pit that has been plumbed at three hundred and fifty feet.

Half a century ago these falls were unknown to Europeans; they were discovered when, with the view of connecting the highlands of Mysore with the coast, roads were cut through the dense forests. Even now they are seldom seen, for a visit to them entails a considerable outlay both of time and money, and during many months of the year fever lurks amid the dense vegetation.

We discussed, with something like smiles, the unpromising condition of the Government bungalow at Jög. In order that it might command a particularly fine view of the falls, it has been placed upon the very verge of a precipice on a sloping sandy foundation, and, although it is now shored up, it is surmised that, during some heavy monsoon, it

will glide over the verge and fall into the boiling cauldron below.

It was a beautiful evening when we embarked in the comfortable boat that was to convey us up the estuary. The crew consisted of six men, one of whom managed the lateen sail, white as the wing of the sea-gull, another steered, a third took the soundings, the rest managing the paddles. Our books and other necessaries being stowed away, we reclined at [illegible]upon the bedding set under the fresh, [illegible]t-smelling palm matting that arched overhead. Wind and tide were favourable, and [illegible]ily we sped along. The embowered dwellings of Honore were left behind as we neared the opposite bank of the river; tall cocoa-nut groves fringed the shore, and under them were delightful houses, far superior to those of Honore; many of them had handsome flights of steps that led down to the water. They belonged to a peculiar sect of Brahmins, whose name, to borrow Southey's expression, "would not stick to me."

As we advanced the scenery became lovely;

the broad, swift stream flowed between high bluffs and peaked hills that were reflected in the water. In time it became narrow and winding, and the tall forest trees rose one above the other, grasping the rock, as it were, for very life. It was dark when we disembarked at the village of Gerseppa; the muncheel and the saddle-horses awaited us. We had an up-hill path of eighteen miles to tread ere our destination was reached.

The crescent moon had gone to bed luminous stars shed their sparkling ligh we plunged into the forest, the thick tangl which overhead their rays could not pier Sometimes we encountered long trains of wag gons, the light of whose lanterns flashed upon the pendent dewlaps of the bullocks that drew them. The Mysore bullocks are noble animals, and it was in a great measure owing to their superiority that Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sultan maintained so lengthy a war with the British and Máhrattas at the end of the last century. Sometimes we heard the rushing of streams, and saw them when the water reflected the

flickering flames kindled by some camping party.

Time passed on, and the monotonous song of the tired bearers grew faint. "It will come, it will come; we shall hear the roar of the waters," they gasped. At last, weary with the shaking, I fell asleep, to be set down with a bump and rudely awakened. I rose to my feet, bewildered by the sound of the falling river, and was led into the bungalow, which, to my puzzled head, seemed to be slipping over the precipice then and there. The night was very dark, and the ceaseless roar of the unknown waters was not conducive to sleep; but it passed away, and in the grey of early morning my friend's cheery voice roused me from an uneasy slumber.

"The coffee is ready, and we are to take it with a gentleman, our neighbour. I called upon him last night, and he appears to be a sociable fellow; but mind, as you pass along by the little balcony overhanging the falls, you are on no account to look down; if you do you will get a false impression of their power."

Half an hour later, and we were inhaling the

aromatic perfumes rising from the humid forest. The muncheel and a saddle-horse had been sent on ahead, for the way was long. We bent our steps to the brink of the river, above the falls. It came carelessly on, flowing between sloping banks, covered with foliage of rich, light green—a stream of silver; and then it separated into many narrow branches that chafed and foamed between boulders and rocks that were worn into fantastic shapes, the river collecting here and there into agitated pools—the Warf at Bolton Abbey, but on a grander scale. The laterite, however, in which great lumps of felspar were embedded, had not the beautiful tint of the Craven limestone. Adventurous people thread their way to the edge of the precipice, stretch themselves at full length, with their heads over the abyss, and, in very dry weather, are rewarded by a glimpse into the seething cauldron below.

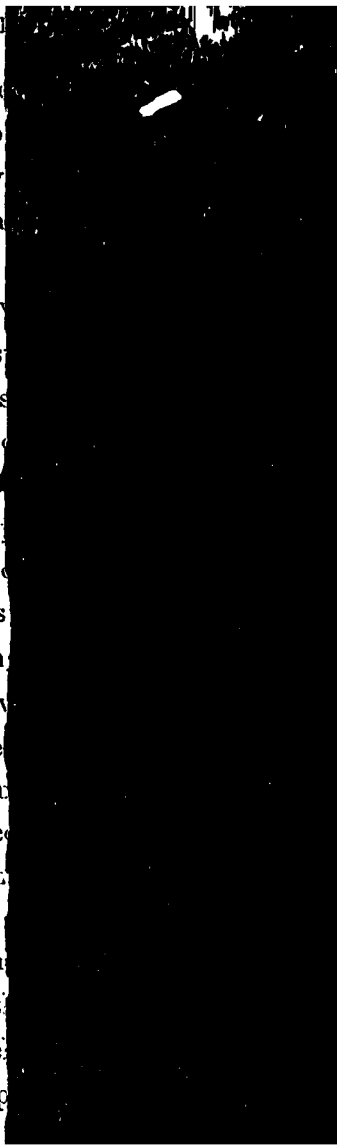
Pursuing our way through the woods, we reached the spot where we had to cross the river, where a canoe awaited us. Grand must have been the tree from which that canoe was

hollowed. The exterior was smeared with dammer, a gum from the forest, and the narrow strips of wood that slightly heightened the sides were corded on by withes cut from the lithe jungle-climbers. The copper-coloured men who were to paddle us over were, after a little delay, found sitting upon their heels in a shady cove, chewing a preparation of betel-nut and lime.

The river scenery was very pretty. Jumping ashore, we set foot in Mysore; but the desired point of view was still far away. The road leading to it was cut through the evergreen, tropical forest, and surely this world can present no more glorious sight. Our time was our own, and we loitered along, or sat down to rest and look about us as fancy prompted.

The giants of these forests attain a height of a hundred and fifty feet before the bole loses the character of timber. For the height of seventy feet they stand in serried ranks, straight and free, without a branch. The forms of the boles are infinitely varied, and their size near the ground is amazing. They

fetch the highest price when cut for the main-masts of large ships. The foliage loves the sun, and, basking in its rays, forms a thick canopy, under which a lower forest flourishes, composed of trees that require shade. A wild undergrowth of the richest and most varied vegetation sprang from the ground. Alas, that I could name so few of these wonderful productions! The sad sensation of being alone in a crowd came over me. The sago-palm was there in abundance. One tree rose abruptly from the ground, glossy like satin. Another was supported by thin buttresses (the natives form from them the paddles of their canoes), which rose from ridges running along the ground. One of the most elegant assumed the form of a number of symmetrical pipes welded together. I recognized that of the silk-cotton tree *(sembal)* by the great thorns, thick at the base, that prevent the monkey population from climbing it and sucking the sweet, stringy pulp from the swelling seed-pod. Here and there some giant had come down with a crash, destroying its neighbours,



and dragging with it th
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As it fell, so it lay. On
notice little more than
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that look so small, scat-
are in reality rocks diffi-
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Falls of Gerseppa, as they are
Philosophical Journal."

The surrounding scenery was very fine. Cone above cone of purple hill peeped out of the eternal forest. Not far from the spot where we stood, there was a modest little stream that had no relationship to the great falls. Prismatic colours played upon it, as, all alone, it murmured down the channel it had worn. It was very beautiful,—a little idyl in itself.

We slowly wandered back under the great trees. Coming to a patch of sandy ground my friend stopped and looked down. "See," he said, "since we came this way the path has been crossed by bison, nylghau (the *portax pictus* of naturalists), and pig. Had the ground been wet we should have seen the track of many other animals. Elephants ranged this country before roads were cut through it, but now it is only visited by an occasional wanderer."

Patches of the tender, pink-leaved, white-flecked bigonia gave variety to the scene, and here and there the golden hibiscus looked at us with its crimson eye.

Numerous ant-hills rose in clustered peaks to

the height of several feet. In building, the creature moistens the clay with its saliva, and it becomes so hard that the native jewellers reduce it to powder and mould it into crucibles. Some of the most venerated idols are formed of it, for the substance is thought to be very pure. These structures go deep into the ground, and contain labyrinths of passages. It has been observed that even in the driest countries these galleries are moist, and some naturalists have come to the conclusion that the termites that build them must have the power of generating water. It is perilous to investigate such dwellings too closely, as snakes are apt to take up their abode in them when they are deserted by their natural inmates.

On reaching the bungalow I was permitted to regard the falls from its insecure gallery, which, together with the adjoining room, was shored up by great beams of wood, and which a slight crazy railing guarded from the brink of the precipice. From this spot the streams are seen to rush madly from the bed of the river, and dash down with inconceivable vio-

lence, the abyss into which they fall being completely concealed by clouds of thick spray. A giddy sight, the effect of which is increased by the unceasing roar of the waters. Numbers of birds—I perceived them to be birds from this point of view—were wheeling about and uttering shrill cries.

It was agreed that we should dine in company with the gentleman whom we had joined at breakfast, a stout, dapper little man. Such a display of luxuries as he produced from his store had never before, we afterwards agreed, been seen at Jög. Our new acquaintance had travelled all the way from Madras in a little covered waggon drawn by one bullock. In this vehicle he had stowed away himself, a servant, a large dog, a photographic apparatus, and all the good things, which must certainly have occupied a considerable space. He became possessed of the photographic apparatus in a singular way. He chanced to attend a sale at which, as he supposed, he made a bid for two tubs and a watering-pot. There was, however, some mistake about the number, and he found

himself the happy possessor of a large tent and the photographic instrument. Being a wise man, he made the best of his lot, took to photography as an amusement, developed a talent for the art, and was now enlivening his holiday by taking views of the country through which he was rambling.

During dinner I glanced at my friend, who could not help smiling with me as delicacy after delicacy made its appearance, a fine ham (a luxury in India), asparagus, a raised pie, salmon, fruit, cakes, and delicate wine-biscuits. But the crowning glory of the feast was a huge plum-pludding, over which we became sentimental. "Ah!" said our companion, "my old mother in Devonshire made that pudding with her own hands; no servant would be allowed to touch it. It was for her boy." I looked at the rubicund, middle-aged man. His eyes were dim, and, possibly, so were mine, as I pictured to myself the old lady in her pleasant Devonshire home, mixing the ingredients, and, forgetful of time, thinking of the boy that had been shipped off to the East many a year ago. I

proposed her health, and drank the toast in all sincerity.

The sun had scarcely risen when, leaving the side of the Sharivati, we plunged into the woods. Refreshed by deep draughts of the dew, which falls so heavily in these climes, the leaves and tender twigs that would droop at a later hour were charmingly green, the buds expanding. The mighty sál,* one of the largest of the Indian timber-trees, rose above us; and more beautiful, if of less grand proportions, the asoka-tree (*jonesia asoka*). According to Sanskrit poetry, its nature is so sensitive that it bursts into blossom and blushes crimson if touched by the hand of a lovely woman. The silk-cotton tree

* The sál, or sisu (*dalbergia latifolia*), East Indian ebony, was employed for the construction of war-chariots at a period so early that they were objects of veneration. In an ancient hymn translated by Dr. Wilson occur the words, "Chariot made of the forest-lord, be strong of fabric . . . . and be manned by warriors; thou art girt by cow-hides . . . . Worship with oblations the chariot constructed of the substance of heaven and earth, the extracted essence of the forest-lords." See Manning's "Ancient and Mediæval India," vol. i, p. 57.

(bombox pentandrum) was already ablaze. With this exception, there was scarcely a coloured flower to be seen; but the charming variety of tints assumed by the foliage in some measure compensated for the deficiency. In these evergreen forests there are no seasons of repose; Nature never rests from the labour of renovation. There were spikes of tender leaves of the brightest rose-colour; others were yellow. One variety was of a ruddy purple, and the semi-transparent leaves glowed like copper when touched by the sun. The rocks were covered with lycopodium. The under-jungle was a tangle of ferns and flag-leaved plants, screw pines, and innumerable thorns and canes, which grow with amazing rapidity, forming thickets in which the sportsman finds it almost impossible to follow up the game that is so plentiful.

Most wonderful of all are the climbing plants, the generality of which are leafless until they reach the tall tree-tops, and are exposed to the sun. Their stems assume the most fantastic forms; some of them twisted into ropes, or

curled up on the ground like snakes ready to spring, others forming great loops in a series of symmetrical acute angles, or stretching overhead from one far tree to another, after the fashion of a telegraph wire. They often get so entangled that the most experienced forester is unable to discover from whence they have travelled. Such plants have great powers of horizontal growth, but the real secret of their vagaries lies in their great age. It is believed that they see more than one generation of these forests reach maturity and perish, so that the trees they have used as props are gone. They are among the uncanny productions of Nature, and so think the Hindoos, who say that they are vivified by the souls of those who have been untruthful and treacherous during their mortal career. The graceful pepper vine (*piper nigruni*) is a climber of a different character, draping the trees with its glossy, heart-shaped, strongly-veined leaves. The little grape-like bunches of fruit, whose aromatic flavour, fresh and warm, was delightful to the palate, were already

formed. Even the slender stems and tendrils were pungent. It is not allowed to grow upon the mango-tree, as it impregnates the fruit with its flavour. Both black and white pepper are produced from the same corn, the former being ground after the strong outer husk has been removed. It was possibly pepper from this very forest, shipped from Musiris, that gladdened the heart of old Bede in his cell.

Less useful is a very grand climber, the arum, small specimens of which we had nourished in Belgaum. Here it attained a height of more than sixty feet, putting forth an abundance of leaves more than a foot in length. At first the leaf is small and smooth, and of a beautiful light green, a tint which it retains in maturity; but as it increases in size it develops on each side of the main rib one or two oval spaces, which open until they touch the edge of the leaf, which is guarded by a strong fibre. This in time gives way, leaving deep, open indentations. The plant is as handsome as it is curious.

The cardamum (*elettaria cardamomum*) grew in

these woods, a spice esteemed above all others by the natives, but not popular among Europeans. The former chew it along with betel-nut, season with it, and use it medicinally as a stomachic. In appearance the plant resembles ginger, its flag-like leaves being very handsome. We plucked some of the immature green pods that contain the seeds, "grains of paradise," as they are called by English chemists; they gemmed the high stalks after the fashion of little green gooseberries; their flavour was highly aromatic. The right of gathering cardamum is reserved like that of pepper. Although indigenous in parts of Malabar, it is not plentiful; it flourishes best on the acclivity of moist cool hills, among the low trees and bushes, and little springs of water. The cardamum hills are generally private property. When the plants are discovered they are preserved with great care, either by cutting down the trees or by burning them, as the ashes produce an excellent manure, and the process does no injury to the young shoots. The plant has to be attended to for three years before it begins to bear, and

after the fourth it decays. Sometimes it is planted in gardens and in orchards of plantain trees. Such seeds as are ripe are daily dried for sale, as the birds and squirrels carry off a large share. These animals scatter the seeds, hence the cardamum is often unexpectedly found in spots where it was not looked for. Diligent search is always made for the young plants at the commencement of the rainy season.

Among the most valuable of the small trees and shrubs is the *cassia lignea*, so called to distinguish it from the true cinnamon indigenous to Ceylon, to which it is very inferior. It has a small pointed leaf, and bears delicate white blossoms, which are said to be very fragrant. It decays when deprived of its bark, and is cut down, but new shoots spring from the roots. The wild mangosteen *(garcinia purpurea)* was there, a pretty shrub with a fruit like a small deep-red apple. When cut open, the skin forms a crimson ring round a snow-white substance, in which generally three large pips are embedded, which, boiled down,

yield the rich wax called kocam, sold in every Indian bazaar. Mixed with sweet oil, its healing and softening properties are invaluable.

Another notable little tree, the strychnos-tree (*strychonos potatorum*), insignificant as it looked, has great power both for good and evil. It has a small oval leaf of dingy green. Every part of it is deadly except when taken in the smallest quantities. Some forest animals eat it to their destruction; probably such as have a very faint, if any, perception of taste or smell. Natives of the district where it grows, with that wonderful insight into nature which is possessed by the people all over India, use it medicinally, but in a round-about and curious way. A regulated quantity of the leaves is mixed with the food of some milk-bearing animal, and the fluid thus medicated is drunk as a cure for certain ailments.

After midday the silence that reigns in these jungles is oppressive and sad. Beasts, birds, and even insects, seek repose, to awake only

when the after-glow is fading into darkness. From that time until the first faint streak of dawn, the teeming forest is no longer mute.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Stages of a Brahmin's Existence—Forest Life of the Hermit of Old—The Dharam Sala—Ascent of the Sharivati—Remains of an Ancient Town—Excursion to a Jain Temple—Indian Pinjarapoles—The Cotton Chintz Bazaar—Bargaining—Arrival in Poona—History of the Ramosis.

WHEN, two or three thousand years ago, every Brahmin was enjoined to pass a certain part of his life in the forest, the wild beasts seem to have treated him with the most polite urbanity. His existence was, by the laws of Manu, portioned out into four stages, the third of which he passed in sylvan retirement.

"When the father of a family perceives his muscles become flaccid and his hair grey, and sees the child of his child, let him then seek

refuge in a forest," says Manu, the great law-giver. "Let him take up his consecrated fire, and all his domestic implements of making oblations to it, and depart from the town .... Let him wear a black antelope's hide or a vesture of bark; let him bathe every evening and morning; let him suffer the hair of his head, his beard, and nails to grow continually .... Let him be constantly engaged in reading the Veda; let him, as the law directs, make oblations on the hearth with three sacred fires, not omitting in due time the ceremonies to be performed at the conjunction and opposition of the moon.

"Let him also perform the sacrifices ordained in honour of the lunar constellations, make the prescribed offering of new grain, and solemnize holy rites every four months, and at the winter and summer solstices."

He is also enjoined to go through a number of painful penances, such as "standing a whole day on tiptoe," "exposing his body to fires in the hot season," &c. "These and other rules must a Brahmin who retires to the woods dili-

gently practise; and, for the purpose of uniting his soul with the divine spirit, let him study the various Upanishads of Scripture."*

Such was the forest life of the hermit of old. The fourth period of a Brahmin s life was passed as a wandering mendicant.

The time came when we had to leave Jög. No last glimpse of the falls was to be obtained. Clouds of thick mist were rising from below. The road from Gerseppa, that we had ascended in the dark, was very beautiful. The tall trees and the tangled jungle displayed every possible tint of green, and at times we emerged from the thicket, and caught sight of the purple mountains.

We had to pass the day at the village of Gerseppa, which afforded only the accommodation of the Dharam Sála, the ordinary native resting-place. It consisted of two long and

* There are various writings known as Upanishads. "The writings so called appear to be amongst the most important and most interesting within the range of Sanskrit literature." See Manning's "Ancient and Mediæval India," vol. i, p. 226.

wide verandahs, set back to back, with a high partition wall between them; and, being set under high trees, it was cool and shady. Like most things in this country, so interesting for the simplicity of its arrangements, the Dharam Sála has remained unchanged for ages. In some of the most ancient Sanskrit writings, roads and halting-places such as these are described, but, curiously enough, not as smoothing the way for mortal travellers, but for the accommodation of the gods above.

The trees were full of monkeys, which it was very entertaining to watch, as they chattered, gambolled, and flew crashing about among the branches. Some of the mothers had more than one little one clinging to them. We saw their queer black faces between the leaves, as they watched our proceedings with their sharp eyes.

As soon as the sun had declined sufficiently, we got into a boat, and were paddled up to the site of the town, over which that queen of romance, that had also owned Honore, once reigned. The heaps of ruins that still remain testify to its having been a very large city.

The ascent of the Sharivati was very delightful. The low banks were covered with small trees and shrubs, and from them luxuriant, climbing ferns threw down their sprays. There were grand tufts of the *osmundi regalia*. The only flowers were some lovely white lilies. Alligators basked on the sand-banks, so like in colour to the bed they lay upon that they would have escaped observation had they not at our approach glided into the water, and lashed it into foam.

Landing on the shingle, once a busy quay, we entered the thick, prickly jungle by a way that had doubtless been formerly a considerable thoroughfare, as might be seen by the broken remains of the steps that had made it easy. On each side were the *débris* of houses built of brick and stone, and bits of wall, with handsome stone copings, still remained erect. On we struggled, through high grass and bushes, until we came to a cleared spot, which might once have been occupied by a palace, though there was nothing now but a figure in black stone, raised upon a stepped throne. We were told

that there was another such idol, much coloured, in a modernized temple that was pointed out, bearing some resemblance to a Tartar building. It is kept up by the few Jain cultivators still remaining in the neighbourhood.

Another quarter of an hour of easier walking (for, as we advanced, we found that the jungle had been fired) brought us to the fine Jain temple that was the object of our excursion. The handsome building was raised upon a high platform, the sides of which were sculptured with designs of foliage and beasts in procession. Fine flights of steps led up to the hall, an octagon, of very large dimensions. The centre was occupied by four colossal Buddha-like figures, placed back to back, the black basalt, of which they were formed, still retaining a high polish. There they sat and smiled, serenely waiting—for what is time to a Buddha?—for the music and the lights, the flowers and the incense; for the homage that they will never again receive from kneeling crowds. I dream of those lone Buddhas, sitting so still in the silent jungle.

There was nothing to be gained by starting early on our homeward voyage, for we could not conveniently land until day-break. When we did embark, the young moon failed us soon, but the stars gave forth a light that threw distinct shadows. The crew, to keep themselves awake, sang in chorus, the water dripped from the paddles with a soothing sound, and the dark palms nodded to us from the river-side. There was one pale-green streak in the horizon when we jumped on shore, and wound our way up the little ghât with that sense of semi-bewilderment that generally succeeds an exciting expedition. Not many days after, I crossed the sands for the last time by the light of a glorious full moon, mellow and golden. The map upon the huge disc stood out with curious distinctness, and under its light I parted from my friends, and left picturesque Honore for ever.

On my return journey I passed a few days in Bombay, and I took the opportunity of visiting one of the Indian pinjarapoles (a cage-ward), or places of retreat for animals, where the sick

and the ill-used, even the dangerous and the noxious, are taken care of. The object of these eccentric establishments is the preservation of life, and Hindoos will sometimes purchase beasts from the butchers in order to save them from the knife. The institution in Bombay has two country branches, and the whole is kept up at a very considerable expense. The money is raised by means of donations, and from the collection of a voluntary tax upon the profits arising from the sale of opium, raw cotton, sugar, and jewellery. The Parsees take an active part in the regulation of such establishments; but, strange to say, the Mohammedans will not join these societies,—a very remarkable fact in a people that have so great a regard for animal life. It will be remembered that in Constantinople there are well-endowed hospitals for cats, and that even the street dogs are the recipients of public charity.

The friend whom I was visiting consented to accompany me. To my great satisfaction, we had to pass through the very heart of the great bazaars, to my mind the most interesting and

amusing of places. We caught sight of many a quaint façade, many a nook where curious objects were exposed for sale, and of many a strange costume; these being places that teem with population are seen, however, to much greater advantage when lighted up. The pinjarapole lies just off one of the main thoroughfares; its high black walls enclose an area of two thousand square yards, and the ground on which it stands must be very valuable. We were civilly received by a Hindoo youth who conducted us over the place. It had somewhat the appearance of a dreary Zoological Garden; but, although there was no attempt to make it look pretty, there was cleanliness, order, plenty of water, and a good supply of food.

A square in the centre, enclosed by palings, was occupied by animals that were munching from bundles of dried grass with evident satisfaction. Round the walls ran low houses and sheds, the manager and the veterinary surgeon living in the former, and the latter sheltering the beasts. Opposite the door by which we entered was a well-barred cage, containing a

couple of fierce and hideously ugly baboons, which, with a pair of porcupines that had a right to be fretful, were the only creatures that had the air of being badly provided for. One longed to restore them to their native jungles. Flocks of pigeons were circling in the air; a curious breed of ducks, with very red wattles, came quacking up; a pensive pea-hen regarded us from the top of the wall, and we were closely followed by a lame donkey. There were said to be turtles in the tank, but they did not put in an appearance.

"What a beautiful animal!" I exclaimed, pointing to a creature at the door of a shed. It had a coat like satin, a deep pendent dew-lap, and soft, clear eyes. "What is it here for?"

"It is blind," was the reply. "All the bullocks in this shed are blind. There are above fifty."

In an open shed, with bars in front, were a number of dogs terribly afflicted with mange. As they were very clean and had plenty of water, it is to be hoped that they enjoyed life after a fashion. Another collection of dogs appeared

to be healthy. They had probably been rescued from cruel treatment. We inquired for the reptiles and insects, but they were kept at one of the country establishments along with the cats, deer, pigs, sheep, poultry, monkeys, snakes, and a large collection of vermin. The snakes, after a time, are taken into a jungle or some uninhabited spot, and set free. Horses are also sent out of the town. We were finally conducted to a closed building; a man unlocked the door, and returned with a handful of weevilly grain from the bazaars, which he invited us to inspect. As it contained life, it could not be destroyed.

As we were preparing to leave, we were detained for some time, the doorway being blocked up by a very sick bullock that was being carried in. Institutions such as these existed in remote ages. The Portuguese missionaries, on their way to the court of Akbar in the year 1563, expressed their surprise at what they call the superstitious "banians" (traders), who, while they neglect-

ed the sick and infirm among their brethren, maintained highly-endowed hospitals for various species of birds and beasts. They also relate that a Portuguese captain contrived to extort money from these soft-hearted people by merely collecting a number of dogs and threatening to kill them if a ransom were not paid.*

In the evening we visited the great cotton and chintz bazaar. It consists of a maze of narrow, winding ways covered in. The little open shops are raised about a foot above the ground, the goods being piled up against the wooden partitions, or stowed away in dark dens at the back. In the midst of his possessions might be seen the burly owner, either stretched at his ease in comfortable slumber or sitting upon his heels gossiping. Narrow as was the way left for the accommodation of customers, it was half blocked up by great bales of goods. It was still light outside, but this place would have been quite dark had it not been for the

* See "History of British India," p. 209, by Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E.

tall brass lamp of many wicks (very like that used by the Italians) which for safety was placed in a glass case that stood in the middle of the floor. Reaching the desired shop, we sat down on the edge of the platform and proceeded to examine the patterns presented to us. The designs could not, on the whole, be considered elegant, but some of them were pretty. The material was good, and the cheapness of the stuff was marvellous when one came to consider that the cotton, grown far south, had been sent to England, woven and printed, and returned to the country of its birth. The rules in this market are strict: no credit given, no short length cut, no pattern to be taken away. It was impossible to judge of the colours where we were, so we adjourned to a lane at the back of this and another bazaar, where daylight still lingered. Tumble-down wooden houses almost shut out the sky, and pale women, pale in spite of their brown skins, and sickly children peered at us from balconies enclosed by shutters and lattice-work. It was wonderful that the whole population of such a place should not be swept

off by pestilence, but the prevailing disease in these bazaars is consumption. How awful would a fire have been in such a place!

None of the prints being exactly to our taste, we were turning away in search of the carriage, when a man, one of those busy-bodies such as in Eastern bazaars stand unreproved and assist at a bargain, whispered that there were better and cheaper goods to be had in another place. We were induced to follow him, and this time there was more likelihood of success. During the inevitable discussion, in which I took no part, there was time to look about. We were close to the great artery of the bazaar. Endless, almost frightful, was the rush of human life that streamed along it, every man for himself, European and Asiatic equally absorbed in his own thoughts. The tall, brilliantly-lighted houses opposite teemed with inhabitants. The buildings formed a curve, above which, pure and white and holy, the dome and minarets of a fine mosque rose up into the tender, moonlight sky.

"Ah!" said the dealer, catching the direction

ot my eye, "we go twice each day to pray in our mosque, but you only visit your church once a week."

"The devout Christian prays at home," I replied.

It was evening when I arrived in Poona. The great house that had formerly been inhabited by the Sassoons, a family of Arabian Jews known in London and in Bombay, was now my home, but as yet I had no familiar associations connected with it. A great banquet might have been spread in the room where I was stirring my coffee, and my mind would dwell upon all the stories I had heard respecting the adroitness of the light-fingered gentry of the place. There were many articles of value scattered about. "Is the house safe?" I demanded. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "there is a Ramosi." Now having a Ramosi is a delicate way of paying black-mail to the robber fraternity, and thereby insuring immunity from their villany.

The history of the Ramosis is curious. They were a hill-tribe of great courage, and, when

Sivajee commenced his career, they flocked to his standard, and did him good service. One of his early feats was an attempt to escalade the strongly-situated fort of Purandur (now converted into a sanitarium for the people of Poona); the Ramosis headed the expedition, and many of them were dashed to pieces, the ropes being cut by the garrison. The survivors were rewarded by grants of land. In the year 1730 they became so troublesome as to render the roads about Poona unsafe. Dumaje, one of the plunderers, had the temerity to seize the Peishwa Balojee and the chief of Purandur, and cruelly torture the latter. About 1780 one of their chiefs became so notorious that the Peishwa's wife vowed not to touch food until he was put to death. A trap was accordingly laid for Dadji, and he was secured. He confessed to having perpetrated above eleven hundred robberies. It was the belief of the natives that a charm in the possession of this Ramosi rendered him invulnerable, so that the executioners found it quite impossible to make any impression on his neck with a sword. An order

was consequently given to have his feet and hands sawn off, upon which it is said that Dadji entreated their patience, and begged them to let him have a knife. When he got the knife he made an incision on his left arm, and extracted a valuable gem that had been placed there by himself. The executioner then severed his head from his body. When the English absorbed the territories of the Peishwa they found the Ramosis busily plundering, and one chief, Omiah, called the "Rob Roy of the Deccan," gave much trouble to the Government.

In 1818, the Ramosis in Poona committing robberies constantly in the houses of English gentlemen, it was deemed advisable to employ them to watch during the night, and almost every officer had one in his service, receiving seven rupees monthly, and the practice has been continued down to the present time. The noise made by this guardian at night is at first very trying to light sleepers. He gives a peculiar shout, and brings his stick, or rather bludgeon, down to the ground with a thud.

The Ramosi that kept me awake during my first night in Poona is with us still, and has only once been caught tripping.

One morning he was not forthcoming. He was in the hands of the police, who had caught him in company with a gang of men who had just broken into a house. No positive proof could be brought against our servant, who declared that he had only been out fishing, and had got accidentally mixed up with the robbers; but there was no moral doubt as to his complicity. As one Ramosi is as bad as another, and this man was thoroughly acquainted with the house and grounds, it was thought advisable to restore him to the bosom of the family.

It is impossible to travel eleven hundred miles, and some of them in the by-paths of India, without fatigue. The last twelve hours up to Máhableshwur appeared to be the longest part of the journey. I went to bed that night with the words of the ancient upon my lips:

> "How sweet it is to lay aside the load
> Of foreign cares within one's own abode,

And, with free heart and unencumbered head,
To couch one's self in our accustomed bed!"

The lapse of centuries makes no difference in human feeling.

CHAPTER IX.

The Deccan—Rise of Five New States—Convenient Saloon Carriage—Effects of the Mirage—Ahmednugger—A Romantic Abode—Schools for Sword-playing and Duels—The Fort—The Heroine of Ahmednugger—The Mohammedan Town—Death at the Well—Harichunder-gush—The Mausoleum of Aurungzebe—Fort of Ahmednugger.

THE Deccan, at the time of the Mohammedan conquest, was divided into small Hindoo principalities, more or less independent. "It is probable," says Grant Duff, "that those Polygars whose country lay in accessible parts were induced either to join or submit to Allah-ul-deen, the head of the new state."

When that dynasty fell five states arose in the Deccan, which, later on, were formed into

the three states of Ahmednugger, Beejapur, and Golconda, the governors of which declared themselves independent, and assumed the title of Shah or King, which, however, was never recognized by the Moguls.

Ahmednugger was the first to assume this power, under the Nizam Shahi dynasty, and was the first to perish. It lasted only from A.D. 1490 to 1607. The Kingdom of Beejapur, under the Adil Shahi dynasty, existed from 1501 to 1660; whilst that of Golconda,* the chosen seat of the Kutub Shahi dynasty, rose in 1512, and was overthrown in 1672.

These fine kingdoms, however, each with its own sea-board, if short-lived, rose during their season of prosperity to great power and magnificence, and had their rulers been united in times of danger they could have held their own against their common enemy, the ambitious Aurungzebe, who longed above all things to subdue the Deccan.

* The province called Golconda was under the Hindoo princes named Telingana.

We first hear of the city and fort of Ahmednugger in the year 1493, when Ahmid Shah formed the design of raising a capital for his dominions.* With this view, at an instant fixed upon by the astrologers as auspicious, he began the foundations of a city near the garden of Nizam, upon the banks of the river Seen, to which he gave the name of Ahmednugger. Such diligence was used in erecting the buildings by the sultan and all his dependents that, in the short space of two years, the new city "rivalled in splendour Bagdad and Cairo," and in the following year, having subdued the strong fortress of Dowlutabad, he returned triumphant to Ahmednugger, and built a citadel round the garden of Nizam, in which he erected a palace of red and green stone, the nucleus of the present fort.

But, unfortunately, the three fierce kings, among whom a balance of power was of vital importance, but who were never at rest, were

* For the history of this sultan, see Scott's "Deccan," vol. i, pp. 345, 346.

always either weaving some web of treachery or seeking to gain over a partizan by such means as the aid of troops, or the offer of a beautiful daughter and a splendid marriage portion.

At the present time Ahmednugger is an English cantonment; Beejapur a mighty wreck, with ruins that are strewn over miles of country; whilst crumbling cemeteries, and perhaps the most picturesque and finest group of morsalæ in the world, are all that remain to mark the site of the once splendid capital of Golconda.

I was happy in being able to visit the ruins of these kingdoms, to which many a romantic tale still clings.

By rail it is but ninety miles from Poona to Ahmednugger, a journey all too short for the enjoyment of the luxurious accommodation placed at our disposal. The saloon-carriage was a series of surprises, a perpetual transformation scene, all the fittings-up serving some double purpose. There were dressing and bath-rooms, and a kitchen with a stove, and safes

for meat and vegetables. In short, it was a miniature house set on wheels.

Gaily we sped along, but our spirits at times were a little damped by the aspect of the starved soil, to which, as yet, the year's monsoon had brought no revivifying showers. Beautiful patches of green, however, enlivened such parts as could be irrigated, and the streams flowed freely, for there had been plenty of rain in the hills; and even, late as it was in the season, wild clouds and broken rainbows, such as sailors name the "storm-dogs," held out hopes for the future. The country was either flat or it rolled away in ridges. When we were stationary we saw some of those curious effects of mirage that are so bewildering to those that wander over these plains. The trees against the horizon appeared to be madly rushing down into a shimmering lake. There were a good many grey villages scattered about. The mud-houses were flat-roofed, windowless, to all appearance doorless, and presented no sign of life. Here and there was the shell of some crumbling fort, with the ruined palace of a long-

dead chief, and not unfrequently the scene was enlivened by the wigwams of the stone-cutters, a numerous and well-to-do caste, with plenty of women and children, and cattle and dogs, belonging to them.

As we advanced, the country became prettier, while we got under the Ahmednugger Hills, one of the four great chains that cross the Deccan from east to west. The town of Ahmednugger, into which we drove, is surrounded by a high, thick wall of mud. There is a kind of mild obstinacy about a mud wall that makes it a very effectual defence; a cannon-ball will burrow comfortably in it. Not long ago there was within this wall an immense hedge of prickly-pear, about twenty feet high. No human being can pass such a barrier without cutting it down, and this is a matter of the utmost difficulty, as it presents the strongest and most pointed thorns imaginable, and, being full of sap, fire will not act upon it, and assailants are exposed to the enemy's matchlocks from behind.

On the afternoon of my arrival, we walked and drove about, and visited the exterior of the fort,

one of the finest that exists on the plains of India, and said by engineers to be a very remarkable work. It is large and nearly circular, a succession of vast bastions with embrasures for guns (Ahmednugger was famous for its gun-foundry) that thoroughly command the curtains that connect them. Every part of the fort is protected. The broad, deep ditch is now dry, but it could still be flooded at will by means of the magnificent system of aqueducts running nearly underground from the hills that make Nugger, as it is usually called, one of the best-watered towns in the Deccan. It is now full of verdure, and numbers of nilghau and black buck are kept in it; the latter very pretty with their graceful, spiral horns. The sloping glacis of the fort was green as velvet, and the further ground was covered with babul-trees with trembling, mimosa-like foliage and powdery balls of yellow blossom. How often had the ground beneath them been dyed with blood!

Time was drawing on, and we had only sufficient daylight left to enable us to visit a

friend who inhabited a very unusual style of house. The dining and drawing-rooms were twin tombs with domes, and had once stood a little apart, but the space between them had been converted into a passage, and they were encircled by a wide verandah covered with beautiful creepers. It would be impossible to imagine a more romantic abode. The story—a sad one—attached to these tombs is said to be true. A young noble of the Court carried off a beautiful girl from one of the ladies' palaces in the fort, and they had reached this spot, when they were overtaken and killed, and the relations erected these tombs over their bodies. The dew was on the grass when, early on the following morning, I made my way across the wide green maidan. Pretty and peaceful as it looked, it stretched up to the fort, and had been the scene of many a fatal duel. Ahmed Shah is said to have introduced into the Deccan the custom of single combat, and, instead of the colleges customary in the cities of Islam, schools for sword-playing were established in all quarters of Ahmednugger. The Sultan gave

orders that these fights should take place in his own presence, and crowds of young men attended every day to contend before the king; but the practice "in the strife-breeding climate of the Deccan" rose, we are told, to such a height that every day two or three of the combatants were killed, and at length the Sultan, taking a disgust to such tragedies, commanded that all such trials of skill should take place on the plain before the fort. The evil custom is said to have spread from Ahmednugger into every city in the Deccan.* Grim and black, the entrance was on a very large scale. It was easy to perceive that the works that rose on each side of the deep, broad fosse were prodigiously strong. The interior view chilled the gazer. No green earthworks sloped up to the narrow ramparts, no parasite softened their sharp outlines, no birds could ever have nested there. All was stern reality; there was not a nook in the whole place. I mounted to one of the splendid bastions that bulge out with such

* See Ferishta, p. 357.

regularity, and sat down to look about at my leisure. Very few of the old buildings remain; the trees sparsely scattered about were insignificent, and the enceinte was smaller than I had expected it to be. Opposite was the high cavalier and the sally-port, and I fancied that I could have crossed to them in a few minutes; but, there being nothing to mark the scale of this interior, it is very likely that I was deceived as to its extent.* But what wars, what horrors, what pageants had it seen!

Of the kings of the three kingdoms, those of Ahmednugger seem to have been the most ferocious and cruel; in fact, many of its sovereigns were mad. What tales does old Ferishta tell about them, and he knew those of his generation well, for he was a nobleman high in office at the court of Ibrahim Adil, Shah of Bejapur.

The heroine of Ahmednugger was Chaund Bee, the daughter of Hussein Nizam Shah

* He was afterwards informed it was about a mile in circumference, and that the whole of the area of the fort is hollow underneath to contain stores.

(the "Noble Queen" of Meadows Taylor), the contemporary of our own Elizabeth. After being married to Ali Adil, Shah of Beejapur, she, as a widow, returned to her native place in order to conduct its defence and hold it against the Mogul. "The fort," says Grant Duff, "sustained two memorable sieges before it was taken, and its first defence, maintained by Chaund Beebee, the widow of Ali Adil, Shah of Beejapur, was perfectly heroic. The Chaund Beebee, who was assassinated during the second siege, still lives in Deccan story.* She was hastily interred in some corner of the fort, and, as I sat, I wondered where the spot might be.

The Emperor Akbar, at his death in 1605, was in possession of the fort, but the state was far from subdued, and the Abyssinian factio[n] set up a warrior of renown who recovered [it]. The stronghold had short intervals of pe[ace]. At one time it was betrayed into the han[ds] the Máhrattas; at another it was made o[ver]

* See Grant Duff's "History of the Máhrattas."

Scindia, and from him it was taken by General Wellesley in 1803, with the loss of six officers and several privates. "The acquisition of Ahmednugger," says Grant Duff, "as a point of support to all future operations to the northward, was of great consequence to the British army."

The grey old Hindoo town at a little distance, that had witnessed the birth of the fort and all its vicissitudes, was not worth visiting, but the Mohammedan town was curious and very picturesque. As the streets are extremely narrow, we were obliged to take a tonga, and even then it was sometimes a scrape to get through them. There were many fine, high-storied wooden houses. Perhaps the pir, who offered up prayers for the festivity of the Bhonslay, Sivajee's grandfather, might have lived in one of them. He came from Ahmednugger. The inhabitants were evidently fond of bright hues, for much of the old carving glowed with colour. Such towns are apparently huddled together without any particular plan, but the seeming confusion is really the result of

system. The streets have been laid out so as to be sheltered from the prevalent winds; a mosque may be placed at right angles, for it must face towards Mecca, and the Hindoo temple may, from the position which it must take, be obliged to turn its back upon its neighbour.

Numbers of women were employed in drawing up buckets of water from a handsome reservoir. Frequent deaths by drowning occur in such places. With the carelessness engendered by habit, the people will place themselves in dangerous positions, and, alas! it not unfrequently happens that the hand of a neighbour hastens the end of an unpopular person. The poor of India look upon life as of little value.

Outside the town we resumed our seats in the phaeton. We were bound on a long excursion to see a palace loved by Queen Chaund, situated in a ravine, the mouth of which commands an interesting and extensive prospect. We traversed a pleasant bit of country, with a little timber and crops that were in a pretty good condition. Close to the right we had the Ahmednugger Hills, in the bosom of which lie

the wonderful reservoirs that once supplied a net-work of aqueducts, some of which still water the town, and waste their contents on many a spoiled garden and ruined palace. Just showing above ground, they run like veins over the country. On one semi-detached hill stands the vast, ghastly-looking mausoleum of Sullabut Khan, a mighty man in his day. It is built in the form of a tower, pierced with innumerable windowless apertures, a weird skeleton that perpetually catches the eye.

Sullabut Khan was minister to Mortiza Nizam Shah, a sovereign who appears to have been half recluse, half maniac, who, I regret to say, was brother to the heroic Queen Chaund. It is related that whilst he was minister, or regent, he was much disturbed by the rapacity of one of the Sultan's favourites, Fatteh Shah, a dancer, who obtained from his master not only large grants of land, but gifts of the royal jewels. At last he asked for two rosaries, composed of most valuable rubies, emeralds, and pearls. The Sultan commanded them to be given to him, but Sullabut Khan, unwilling that

such inestimable curiosities should be lost to the royal family, substituted two strings of mock jewels in their place. Fatteh Shah discovered the imposition, and complained to the Sultan, who, being enraged, commanded the regent to lay out all his jewels for him to examine. Sullabut Khan, having concealed the most precious, placed the rest as he was ordered; but the Sultan, missing them, was so angry that he threw all before him into a large fire, and withdrew passionately to his chamber. On his departure the regent hastened to save them from the flames, and only the pearls had received any damage.

The ground-nut *(arachis hypogœa)*, which I had never before seen growing, covered extensive patches of land. It is very valuable, for it yields a crop for three successive seasons. Natives delight in it. The oil is used as a condiment, and the cake fattens cattle. A short time ago the Government sent a circular round pointing out its value as an item of export. The nut, which clings to the root, pre-

sents much the appearance of a caterpillar curled up. It is often roasted and served up at dessert.

Steep descending steps led to the narrow gorge, but the rough bed of the usually noisy river that descends it was nearly dry. It was an unfavourable season for the enjoyment of waterfalls. Beautiful aloes' nestled amid the crags. Suddenly the rocks appeared to bar our further progress, but we surmounted the difficulty, and seated ourselves on a jutting spur. Some hundreds of feet below us lay the broad blue plain of the Godavery, and in the extreme west rose the shadowy ghâts, forming a background of tender grey, against which rose a series of isolated rocks crowned by forts as famous as any in history, and of which scarcely one was unknown to my companion.

Dim in the distance was grim, rock-cut Dowlutabad, and Hari-chundergurh was pointed out to me. It is only accessible to good cragsmen. The curving rock out of which it is hewn overhangs its base, and the visitor must tread

a slippery path, the undefended side of which slopes to the edge of a frightful precipice. It commands a valley, through which there is such a rush of air that a bundle of straw, a hat, or any such article thrown over the brink, falls to a certain depth, and is then returned to the feet of the person that sent it down.

We took a path that skirted the ravine in returning; an abrupt hill with a fort upon it that commanded the gorge rose above us. In this secluded way we came upon a tomb set upon a high platform, probably the resting-place of some pîr or saint. It was set with lamps and decorated with flowers, and over the grave was laid a crimson shawl. A pretty spot of colour that lit up the somewhat solemn scenery.

We found tea prepared for us in the little summer palace that Queen Chaund had loved, a place of cool corridors, where the creamy chunam and the white arabesques were still unstained. It had once looked down upon a little secluded garden. One tall solitary palm-tree alone flourished there now, but in that spot the noble

lady had doubtless often rested, and soothed her troubled mind amid the flowers that grew by the side of the waterfall.

In returning we stopped at the place where the celebrated gun-foundry formerly stood. The long pit still remains in which the largest gun in the world, "The Lion of the Plain," was cast, in the year 1549. It is now, after many adventures, in Beejapur. Near it was a tomb which some European had converted into a pretty and convenient residence. Glass doors, with porches, were opened out from the walls, and the dome was converted into an upper chamber with a balcony.

I was greatly interested in another expedition that we made to visit the building in which the body of Aurungzebe, after being embalmed, had rested before being laid in the tomb at Ellora.

Eradul Khan Wazeh, Governor of Koolburgah, gives many particulars respecting the latter days of Aurungzebe. The emperor, a few days before his death, wrote two letters, one to his son Azim, the other to the son of

Azim, the Prince Kaum Burh (signifying "wakeful star"). They are profoundly sad. It seems at last to have dawned upon him that a life of cruelty was a bad preparation for eternity. To the former he writes:

"Old age is arrived. . . . . I know nothing of myself; what I am and for what I am destined. The instant passed in power has left only sorrow behind it. I have not been the guardian and protector of the empire. My valuable time has been passed vainly. I had a patron in my own dwelling (conscience), but his glorious light was unseen by my dim sight. . . . . I have a dread for my salvation, and with what torments I may be punished. . . . . The Begum" (his daughter) "appears afflicted; but God is the only judge of hearts. The foolish thoughts of women produce nothing but disappointment. Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

To his grandson he continues in the same strain, and goes on to say,

"My fears for the camp and followers are great. . . . . When I was alive no care

was taken, and, now I am gone, the consequences may be guessed. . . . . Regard the Begum as without concern. Odiporee, your mother, was a partner in my illness, and wishes to accompany me in death, but everything has its appointed time."

Aurungzebe, when, in the year 1707, he arrived before Ahmednugger (then in the possession of the Máhrattas), placed his camp on the same spot that it had occupied twenty-one years before. But he was above ninety years of age, and he predicted that his end was near by observing that he had this day finished his campaigns, and that his last earthly journey was completed. The emperor died upon the 1st of February.

In order to visit the lonely spot, we had to cross the trackless downs. Passing under an arched doorway we entered a small, walled quadrangle. Facing towards Mecca was a musjid, with a fine fountain, in which the water no longer played, before it, and opposite stood the open building in which the great Aurungzebe's body had rested. It

was of simple but chaste design, a square terrace, surrounded on three sides by pillars, bearing low arches, with scollop work. The blank wall at the back was unornamented, save for the small recess in which the Koran had been placed. It was roofed in by a shallow dome. In front the glossy chunam was decorated with elegant arabesques in relief. The hard surface was quite perfect.

The place, once busy with the hum of the mourners, and the priests, and the fierce body-guard, was silent now. It would almost seem as if Dame Nature had turned aside to indulge in a stroke of irony. Out of the tomb at Ellora there sprang a flourishing basil-bush, one of the most sacred emblems of the Hindoo people, whom the persecuting emperor regarded with such bitter hate.

The fort of Ahmednugger, with its low buildings, and not very extensive area, must have been a confined spot to reside in; and its princes loved their summer palaces. One of the finest, the Fariha Bagh, or Eighth Paradise, is now a noble ruin. Approaching it we left the

carriage, and walked along a ruined causeway that led to it. The great, fairy-like structure had, in its palmy days, been mirrored in a sheet of water, by which it was entirely surrounded. This had been confined within proper limits by handsome stone-work and terraces, still shaded by fine trees. The plan of the building was simple. Its centre was occupied by an octagonal hall, roofed by a shallow dome at a lofty height. At each corner of the building was a large octagonal tower, containing tier upon tier of delightful chambers.

These towers were connected together by arcades of pointed arches. The employment of the octagonal form afforded opportunity for the display of elaborate pendatives of great beauty. The old palace must have been an enchanting summer residence. How charming must it have looked when lighted up, or by moonlight! The place was unsafe to ramble over; the great beams of teak-wood that helped to strengthen the structure were in some places worn away, leaving cavities where they had been. Bending our steps once more over the causeway, we

quitted it to enter the park, possibly once a deer-park, appertaining to the domain. It was sprinkled with fine, free-growing trees; the noblest of them was a tamarind, which is said to have been planted by the hands of the good Queen Chaund herself. Some English officer had loved the spot, and had willed that his last resting-place should be in its shade. It was a railed monument, and the name upon it was not very legible. In another part of the park there was a small plot of ground that had been taken possession of by the Forest Department. These experimental gardens are highly interesting. In this one they were trying to acclimatise the West Indian mahogany-tree (*swientenia mahagoni*). This tree in Bombay yields a great abundance of silvery gum. They were also endeavouring to bring up a strange-looking little tree that had been forwarded from Beejapur, the adamsonia. About three miles off, on the open plain, there is an exceedingly fine bowlee. Oddly enough, there is no account whatever extant as to when it was built, or for what particular purpose. But it is conjectured

that it may have supplied the Fariha Bagh with water. It had been worked by elephants. There is nothing to be seen above the ground but an ugly, purposeless-looking object, two walls, with a road between them, that slope up to a small platform. But the part that is below the level of the earth is exceedingly fine. Four flights of steps of great depth descend to the pool, ornamented with balustrades, and the formal lines formed by the stairs were broken by jutting pieces of square stone that gave them the appearance of being chequered. The whole of the workmanship is surprisingly smooth and fine.

CHAPTER X.

Palace of Ahmednugger—The Gardens—Preparations for a Journey—Plants and Herbs Cultivated—The River Bima—The Shugarshids—The Feast of Lamps—Annoying Delays—The Running-Post—In Darkness—A Joyful Sight—The Mosque of Adil Shah—The Ibrahim Rozah—Arrival at Beejapur.

THE house in which I was a guest was one of the old historical palaces of Ahmednugger's prosperous days. The palanquin of many a grandee had been set down under the arched entrance. A wide flight of steps led up to a great verandah supported by shafts of teak-wood dark with age. The present drawing-room had once been an audience-hall, and had lofty pillars of black stone, carved, reaching to the ceiling. In many of the rooms there had

originally only been windows under the roof—the Eastern mode of preventing the sun from getting in and the ladies from getting out. It would be impossible to mention all the out-of-the-way nooks and quaint recesses to be found in this delightful abode. The narrowest of stone stairs led to an upper story above which there was a flat roof with handsome balustrades. It commanded an extensive view of the open country, and looked down upon the town, the houses of which were also flat at the top. On many of them was an object the use of which it would have puzzled a stranger to divine; it was a flight of steps that led to a resting-place, from which a panoramic view was obtainable—little observatories, from whence long-dead citizens had looked down upon many a skirmish.

But the pride of the old palace were its beautiful gardens, which had about them that peculiar air of touching sadness that often appertains to very old pleasure-grounds. Warriors that have left their mark in history have sat in the shade of the lofty trees, and genera-

tions of children have rolled upon the grass, real, English-looking turf. Set under a banyan-tree was a little, time-worn temple, with a spire. The Hindoo may have worshipped there ere the persecuting Mohammedan entered his country. Never were there birds so confiding or squirrels so tame as in these thickets. And there was an old stone reservoir, filled with sparkling water, full of fish. It was also the home of a large fresh-water turtle. Chirp to this creature, and it would flounder half out of its element on to the coping-stone, and receive bread from the hand. It had a pointed nose, and altogether its head greatly resembled that of a ferret.

"Why, you have got a hawthorn-bush; and it is in flower!" I said, addressing my host.

"No," he replied, smiling; "the starry blossoms are those of the myrtle."

It was quite as large as an ordinary hawthorn.

It had long been my wish to visit Beejapur (*i.e.*, the city of victory), and it was a happy

moment when I found myself seated in a saloon-carriage at the Poona station, welcoming the friend who was to accompany me. In the crowd I perceived my Parsee acquaintance, who begged that he might present his brother, the dustoor, or priest at Secunderabad. This afforded me the opportunity of making some inquiries about the tombs of the kings of Golconda, which I also had it much at heart to visit. The dustoor presented his card, and kindly expressed his wish to be of use to me, if he had the opportunity.

Four in the morning is not the most cheerful of hours. It found us, with our servants and what we conceived to be a moderate amount of luggage, on the platform at Sholapore. We were greeted by the friend, a gentleman in authority, who had arranged our further journey of sixty miles, a short distance, but the road is rough, and on the way neither horses nor food are to be procured. Our grey-coated friend looked at our belongings from his point of view.

"Impossible," he exclaimed, pointing to the baggage. "You will never get to Beejapúr with that!"

"Captain, you must make up a bundle of absolute necessaries, and the rest, along with your servant, must be left behind."

Times were going badly with my friend; dejection was painted on his face. He had already had the misfortune to leave behind the bag that contained all his little comforts, including cigars.

"Come," I said, to cheer him up, "I can take some of the things out of my trunk, and you can use the tray."

So to work we set on our task of expurgation, by the light of an expiring wick, in the waiting-room.

"Now," said the stern, grey man, "you have a chance of getting on. You will take my pony," addressing my companion, "as far as the Bima, twenty miles from here, and, if you can manage to get across the river, you will find breakfast at the camp of my friend K——, and from thence I have laid a dák of such

ponies as I was able to procure. For the lady, my tonga is waiting."

It was still dark when we started, but day broke at last. We were travelling over a vast plain, with no more to mark the boundless horizon than if we had been at sea. Then there was a rosy flush in the east, and the sun rose.

On this side of the river there was a good deal of cultivation. In some places the pretty red blossoms were still to be seen on the cotton shrub, but in others the white flakes were bursting from the ripe capsules. There were patches of hemp and flax. Strange to say, the fibres are thrown away, but the intoxicating drug they yield, called bhang, fetches a high price, and is much resorted to by the peasantry of Western India. Under its influence, a man walks slowly but steadily, and, if spoken to, he stalks on without replying. Lovely was the rush-like linseed with its deep-blue flower, and the green heads of the millet drooped among its wavy leaves. The castor-oil plant made a picturesque variety, and the sesemé, with its yellow blossom, was handsome. There were

also other plants that yielded oil, the consumption of which in India is immense, in consequence of the millions of lamps that are lighted every night, not only for domestic purposes, but for ceremonies, and the illumination of temples and shrines. Occasionally we met long files of carts heavily laden with bales of cotton, and others piled up with great leather bottles. We had no idea what they contained, but afterwards found that it was ghee, a kind of butter. There did not appear to be much pasture land, but here no doubt the animals would be principally fed upon the rich cotton-seed, of which milk-bearing creatures are inordinately fond.

At last we reached the wide-flowing Bima, the tender blue of which was pleasant to the eye; as natives would have expressed it, "the sky was washing its face in the water." Calm as it looked, there is perhaps no river in India that has witnessed more sanguinary fights. For centuries were its banks disputed by Hindoo and Moslem. And how often was it forded by the flying hosts of Sivajee!

The luggage and carriage cushions were carried over, and we passed with little delay. Finding the camp indicated, we were cordially received by two young gentlemen who had a good cook, and who, like all that are obliged to pass long solitary months in the districts, had made themselves very comfortable. While breakfast was in the course of preparation, I strolled along by the Bimá, by the side of which a group of jugglers and snake-charmers, with their wild women and children, were squatted. The men were tall and powerful, with black skins, bullet heads, and degraded features. They grinned and struck up their barbarous music, but I hastened away. Of all the castes of Asia, this people stand forth as the most degraded and cruel, going by the name of Shugarshids, a word which means both a burning or burial-ground, and proficient, ready, it being their habit to prowl about the places of the dead in order to collect pieces of human bone, with which they are supposed to work charms and incantations. They are also notori-

ous for an abominable traffic consisting of the sale of sinews extracted from the breast, the wrist, and the ankles of women. These are supposed to be preservative charms, but, in order that they may possess this virtue to the full extent, they must be taken from a woman who has recently become a mother. I chanced to have read the trial of a female Shugarshid who was believed to have stolen a young woman at Sholapore for this purpose, and have never since been able to endure the presence of any of this caste of people, however clever their tricks may be.

From this place we had to return our borrowed tonga and horse, and proceed in the dák vehicle. We were, however, fortunate enough to find a cart proceeding to Beejapur, the driver of which, for a handsome consideration, consented to take on the servant and luggage. As we advanced, the signs of cultivation lessened, and the aspect of the great plain was somewhat desolate. The villages were far apart, but of considerable size. The dwellings were built of mud, and had flat roofs. In the midst

of each, forming an important feature in the landscape, rose a large round tower, with loop-holes, built of clay and rubble—a necessary protection in times when no village community was safe. Other vestiges of the old fighting days, serais or caravanserais, were scattered over the country—great oblong enclosures, with high walls, once pleasant places, with trees and fountains for ablutions; but most of these had been seized and partially fortified by the Máhrattas, who had placed round bastions at the angles. And now they were crumbling away. Here the sparse crops of millet were ripe.

The high platforms on which many of the peasants of the Deccan live at this period, in order to protect the crops, were here replaced by little circular erections widening towards the base. They were made of matting, and filled with some substance firm enough to support the weight of a single person. As evening drew on the short day closed in so soon, it was strange to see the still figures standing on them, sharply defined against the sky; some

woman, for example, draped in red, looking like a coloured statue, or a bronze man with sling and stone, standing motionless, watching until he found an opportunity of discharging his weapon at some heedless flock of green parrots intent upon their supper.

Having a little time to spare at one of the Dharam Sálas, we walked into the adjacent village—a much better place than its exterior would have led one to suppose. Crowded lanes between very high walls led up to a handsome temple. It was the time of the Déwali, or feast of lamps. The people, poor as they were, had got together some light and a few flowers, with which to decorate the shrine, and were making melancholy holiday, for it was a period of great distress throughout the country. As we passed on our way we noticed that some of the little hills had lamp-bearing pillars that were illuminated, and visited by trains of people.

Seven o'clock found us but twenty miles from the old city, but our anticipations of reaching it in moderate time were doomed to

be disappointed. A wandering river haunted our path, and seven times we had to cross the deep pools that had collected in the hollows that it had worn. Whenever we came to one of them there was a long delay, the tattoos refusing to cross the water, and in the battle that followed the rotten leather and old rope that was called harness broke. Hour after hour passed in these vain struggles. We tried to get bullocks to draw us, but they could not be fitted to the vehicle, and we came to a standstill. One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, and there was the dark line which we knew to be Beejapur always in the distance. Such was our position when we heard a pleasant jingling sound.

"How far are we from the city?" we cried, although we were aware that we should obtain no response, for the running messengers that carry the post must speak to no one on their way. Each man does his twelve miles, delivers his packet to the one that awaits him, and then, but not till then, his tongue is loosened. The

mail-bag is made long, like an old-fashioned purse, and slung upon a stick, which the bearer carries upon his shoulder. This stick is set with iron rings, and at the end is a tassel of little metal plates, the jingling of which is intended to announce, even to the beasts and the snakes, as well as to the creatures of his own kind, that, as an accredited messenger, his person is sacred.

There was nothing to be done but to abandon our carriage and proceed on foot. Just as we reached the grim walls, the great ruddy, three-quarter moon disappeared behind a tower, and left us in darkness. We had not even an idea in what part of the vast ruins, covering many miles, our friend was encamped. We were looking about for a smooth stone to sit upon till daybreak, and praying that there might be no wolves about, when we heard voices, and, joyful sight! saw the glimmer of a lantern, which we hailed. It was borne by the puttah-wallees, who were searching for us, our cart having arrived hours before. A few turnings, and we were led under a lofty gateway into an

enclosure, and up more than one flight of steps, towards a great open building in which lights were moving. The cheery voice of our friend now greeted us.

"Come," he said, "I am sure that you must be exhausted. Supper is ready."

"Where are we?" I cried.

"In the mosque of Adil Shah the Second," was the reply, "and that is the royal rozah, or tomb, opposite," pointing through the archway to some structure that loomed large in the darkness, and which I knew to be as rich as any in the land.

In Indian travel it is usual enough to put up in tomb or temple, but it was the first occasion on which I had been thus accommodated, and I felt a little awed. As I sat at table I could perceive that I was in a noble building, although my eye in vain sought to fathom the mystery of arch and dome, and I could not help feeling that by eating in it I was desecrating it.

Descending to the tent spread for me, I was proceeding to enjoy a few hours of sleep, when,

perceiving that daylight was stealing on, I threw over me a shawl (it is so easy to escape from a tent), and stood where I could command a view of the group of buildings as a whole. Never again did I see it to such advantage, bathed as it was in the crimson light of a fervid sunrise that played upon dome and minaret and details of exquisite beauty. How strange to be breakfasting in the great mosque, on the very spot where white-robed worshippers had bent their foreheads to the ground, and which had been the home of Aurungzebe for many a month. I could see its beauties now—the many domes that stretched away from the great parent, and the aisles of pillars, with their pointed arches, that formed squares, the corners of which were enriched by pendatives that served to support the ornamental circles of stone on which the domes were reared. How out of keeping was the every-day life around!

The gentlemen had bed-rooms screened off; the butlers, with their paraphernalia, were in

one corner; and, with some scruples of conscience, I turned the mihrab, or arched recess in which the Koran was kept, into a boudoir, and arranged my books upon the nimbar, or praying-pulpit. The plan of the Ibrahim Rozah is very simple. The high, minaretted gateway gave admittance into a great quadrangle with colonnades lining the walls. These had been built up so as to make innumerable little chambers for the accommodation of pilgrims. Then came a hollow square of garden, which had been laid out with trees and shrubs, and ornamented with kiosks and jets of water. It was now meadow, and my tent was pitched there. In the midst rose the great square stylobat upon which the twin buildings stood. Broad flights of steps led up to it, decorated with handsome balustrades. There was a sunken tank in the centre with crypt-like corridors, cool retreats when the waters played. The rozah and the mosque faced one another. Although alike in general design, they necessarily differed in matters of detail. The face

of the mosque that turns towards Mecca must be open, whilst the rozah is closed, and has doors and windows.

CHAPTER XI.

View of Beejapur—History of the Founder of the Dynasty—Present State of Beejapur—The River Dhone—The Royal Rozah—The Tombs—A Brahmin Book-Collector—Past Splendour of Beejapur—The Jumna Musjid—Beautiful Carved Stone-work.

BEFORE making excursions it was thought advisable that we should ascend the rozah, and thereby obtain a general knowledge of the city and the surrounding country. We had with us, as guide, a native of the place, a teacher of Persian, whom we had known in Belgaum. Stepping out upon the terraced roof, we had an astonishing prospect beneath us. Far and near rose dark, embattlemented walls, and the domes of mosque and tomb, tomb and mosque in endless profusion.

It seemed next to impossible that almost all these buildings should have sprung up in a single century, and yet such was the case.* We saw at a glance the vast extent of the city, and the relative positions of the three parts into which it may be said to be divided, but the plan of the place is rendered intricate by the extensive spaces, a kind of border-land, but still built over, that stretch between the fortified quarters. It was a wonderful city to look down upon, and strange was the history of the first of the great house that reigned over it.

The founder of the dynasty was a son of

* "The Adil Shahs," says Mr. Furgusson, "adorned their capital with a series of buildings as remarkable as those of any of the Mohammedan capitals of India, hardly excepting those of Agra and Delhi, and showed a wonderful originality of design. It is not easy," he goes on to observe, "to know how far this originality arose from the European descent of the Adil Shahs. . . . . My impression is that the largeness and grandeur of the Beejapur style is owing to its quasi-western origin, and to reminiscences of the great works of the Roman and Byzantine style." See "Indian Architecture," p. 558.

one of the Emperors of Turkey. His father, Sultan Morad, dying in 1450, was succeeded by his eldest son, Mahummed, on whose accession the officers of state advised that, for the future, only one prince of the family should be suffered to live. Sultan Mahummed, assenting to the proposal, gave orders for his brother, Sultan Eusuff, to be put to death, and the executioners came to demand him from his mother, that, having strangled him, the body might be exposed for public information. The sultana entreated them to defer their intention for one day, to which, moved by her tears, they assented. She immediately sent for a merchant who had supplied her household with the products of Persia, and inquired how many slaves he had to sell. He replied five Georgians and two Circassians. She chose one of the latter, as he bore a strong resemblance to the prince, and, along with a large sum of money, delivered over Sultan Eusuff to the merchant's care. The next morning the Circassian slave was strangled,

and brought out, wrapped in a shroud. The crowd was satisfied, and the body was buried without examination.

The young prince was taken to the city of Saweh, a town in Persia, where he received a liberal education, continuing there until his sixteenth year, when he resolved to try his fortune in Hindostan. His career was one of steady progress. He attached himself to a great nobleman, Nizam al Mook, Governor of Berar, who, being killed at Kurleh, Eusuff Adil Khan, leaving a garrison in the fort, conducted safely to Court all the rich plunder of a very successful campaign, with thirty elephants, which secured him the favour of the Sultan of Berar, one of the five kingdoms into which the Deccan was at that time divided, and from that moment the star of his fortune began to shine with increasing splendour. He became Governor of Beejapur, a district wrested from the Hindoos by the Mohammedans, and "when the eagle of prosperity had spread over him the shade of its wings," under authority that "the sword is his that can use it," . . . "and do-

minion for him who conquers," . . . "he read the Khoothab of Beejapur in his own name, and spread the umbrella of empire." Such are the words of the Koran and of the old knight.

Eusuff Adil Khan on his death left a young son, by his wife a Hindoo lady, the sister of a Mahratta chief taken in war. She is said to have been of exquisite beauty, great understanding, and engaging manners. Her husband gave her the title Boobojee Khanim. I should not introduce her here had she not been one of those brave women that have left a name in Eastern history. Her young son was exposed to much danger from the ambitious treachery of the ministers, and the lady commenced her political career by a skilfully-devised scheme, by which she succeeded in assassinating one of the most powerful of her enemies (the precise story is too long to relate). But danger still threatened the royal boy, and his foster-aunt, Dilshaad Aggeh, who had come from Persia to Hindostan in the reign of Eusuff, remarking, in a certain crisis, that "valour was required," ordered the doors of the citadel to be shut.

"The guards bound the belts of resolution on their waists, and, touching the ground with their foreheads, vowed to support their young sovereign." Dilshaad Aggeh and Boobojee Khanim now came out in complete armour, with bows and arrows in their hands, attending on the young Sultan, who had the yellow umbrella of his father held over him by a Turkish woman. The party joined the guards, a fierce battle ensued, and Dilshaad, with a veil on her head, fought along with the soldiers. The female warriors caused ropes to be lowered, by means of which many royalists mounted to their assistance. At last, after much fighting, in which many people were killed, an arrow pierced the eye of the chief rebel, who ran under the wall on which the Sultan was standing. The youth, knowing his person, rolled down upon him a heavy stone from the terrace, which crushed him to death as he crouched to avoid it. This quelled the insurrection. By order of Dilshaad the heads of the traitors were paraded through the city, peace was restored, and honours were bestowed by the victorious

young Sultan upon those that had fought on his side. To Khusseroo Turk the title of Assid Khan (we have heard of him before), was given, along with the strong fort of Belgaum, to be held in fee under the sovereign.

On attaining royalty the new Sultan surrounded the town with a wall, and converted it into a citadel. "Probably," says the old chronicle, "the largest in the world, between it and the city wall there being sufficient room for fifteen thousand horses to encamp." There it lay in the distance, an oasis of green. The fortifications that surround it are six miles in circumference. Those of the town in which our rozah was situated are reckoned to measure eight miles. The latter are ornamented with the shield pattern so familiar to me in the dependent fort of Belgaum. To the west lay the great suburb of Torwar, a new town put into a state of defence by the king, who lay in the mausoleum beneath our feet.

In compliance with the persuasions of his astrologers, the second Ibrahim made it his seat of government in preference to the citadel,

but it was attacked and plundered, and he was obliged to retire to his former place of security. Torwar was even depopulated before Aurungzebe took Beejapur. Innumerable domes now mark its site. The country around was sterile. Its present degenerate state is supposed by some people to be consequent upon the decay of the once magnificent system of irrigation which, when it was in working order, was the means through which the million of inhabitants of Beejapur were supplied with food and fodder. Others attribute its state, and possibly with greater probability, to the effect of a pernicious accumulation of salt in the soil that had had the effect of destroying vegetation. The district is watered by the river Dhone, the same stream that is crossed between Poona and Ahmednugger, which is strongly impregnated with salt. Thus run the verses attached to it, "Should the crop on the Dhone grow, who can eat it? Should it fail, who can eat?"

The great tanks that supplied the town lie about five miles from the citadel, but the aque-

ducts, like those at Ahmednugger, were never ornamental. In times of danger the inhabitants of Beejapur were in the habit of destroying the aqueducts, and trusting to their wells, and the fall of the capital to the arms of Aurungzebe is attributed to his quickness in investing the place before its inhabitants could resort to this expedient, and bring their forage within the walls. The dominion of the Kings of Beejapur extended from the walls of the city to the Indian Ocean, and along the coast, with one trifling exception, from Bancoot to Cape Ramos.

Upon descending we entered the royal rozah, the interior of which consists of one large and very lofty hall. The roof, which forms the floor of a chamber in the great dome, is its most remarkable point. It is perfectly flat, and is only supported by a cone projecting ten feet from the wall on every side. Mr. Furgusson has a word to say respecting it: "How the roof is supported is a mystery which can only be understood by those who are familiar with the use Indians make of masses of concrete,

which, with good mortar, seems capable of infinite application unknown in Europe."

The tombs, five in number and irregular in size, lie across the hall. They are embossed all over with a hard sort of stucco, principally made of sandal-wood paste. The beautiful patterns, now a good deal cracked, had been picked out in gold, vermillion, and azure. The tomb of Ibrahim Ádil Shah was only distinguished by being of larger size than the others. In youth he was a prince of powerful mind and generous character, but he hastened the downfall of his race by the preference he showed for the natives of Máharastra, both as men of business and soldiers. He even discontinued the keeping of the accounts in Persian, for which he substituted Máhratti, which greatly tended to increase their power and consequence.

The tombs were covered with sheets, for the hall was the abode of a Brahmin, a Government officer. It presented an extraordinary appearance, being a chaos of books. They lay upon the ground, rose up in piles from the floor, and

were marshalled in ranks upon planks, or were put away in rough deal cases; the place, in fact, overflowed with books. One corner was devoted to Sanskrit, another to highly scientific French works. The light literature of our country was well represented by good translations of the classics, along with histories and biographical works. Nor was poetry forgotten; even the popular magazines were there. I felt that I could have sat down and passed a very happy six months, even in a tomb, with contents such as these.* One circumstance, however, led me to suspect that the Brahmin was rather an accumulator than a reader of books; most of their pages were uncut.

I had lingered behind the rest of the party, and imagined that I was alone, when suddenly I felt that some one was near. I looked up, and caught sight of a woman, who was seated in a dim corner intently regarding me. Her black eyes alone seemed to live. Hastening to the door, I demanded, "Who is that?" "The

* "Indian and Eastern Architecture," pp. 561, 562.

mother of the books," was the reply. She was also, I found, the mother of the Brahmin that owned them.

Externally the building was very beautiful; nothing could exceed the elegance of its marvellous details, but it was not large, being only one hundred and sixteen feet square. The whole fabric, as it rose, from its arched crypt, might be said to be a series of squares decreasing in size, and leaving terraces until terminated by the fine dome (more inclined to be egg-shaped than hemispherical), springing from a circle of conventional leaves, the tips of which bent gracefully over. These aerial terraces afforded ample opportunity for the employment of pierced screens, minarets, and cupolas.

At each angle of the building a beautiful and highly-ornamented tower shot from the ground high up into the air, terminated by a miniature representation of the centre dome. One feature there was peculiar to Eastern architecture—the cornice supported by elaborate bracketing that projected ten feet from the wall, curving round the cor-

ners, and producing an effect that was indescribably rich. Chains were suspended from it, hanging from an ornamental heading, and terminated by an oval drop, each cut from a single shaft of stone. Every ring was about half a foot in diameter, a marvel of patient ingenuity. The making of a single chain must, one would imagine, have been the occupation of half a lifetime. Alas! few of them were perfect. In India, where so much is startling, prosperous times (under bad management) brought distress. In rural districts there was then nothing but agriculture that afforded employment to the people except war. A work such as this was thankfully accepted in return for the daily dole of grain that kept them from starvation. Much that is marvellous in Indian architecture is due to this primitive system of poor laws.

Nothing in the whole rozah was more charming than the effect of the white marble slabs that admitted air to the building. They were wrought into Arabic sentences, the open spaces being between the characters. Each

side of the square colonnade is formed of seven arches, and the ceiling is exquisitely carved with flowers and letters; the whole of the Koran is said to be inscribed upon it, and these letters were once illuminated in crimson and gold upon a ground of azure.

Above the central door there is an inscription of which I can only give a part, feeling that I have already lingered too long over the charms of this delightful building. "Heaven stood astonished at the elevation of this building, and it might be said that when its head arose from the earth another heaven was produced. The garden of Paradise has borrowed its beauty from this garden, and every pillar here is graceful as the cypress-tree in the garden of purity."

The Ibrahim Rozah is said to have been built by a Persian architect.

The distances in Beejapur are very considerable, which was rather to our advantage than otherwise, as in our frequent transits to celebrated spots we also saw objects of less interest that we should not have visited expressly.

Our way often led us along a wide road with a miserable bazaar in which starvation stalked. The year was one of exceptional distress, caused by loss of crops, but the inhabitants of Bēejapur are always very poor, and, being Mohammedans, they increase their poverty by keeping their females as pardha women; the wives of the very servants in my host's service were pardha women. Sitting behind the curtain, the poor creatures are useless as bread-winners. The population, however, had at least the advantage of good water. The "Crown Well" stands in the bazaar, a superb tank, into which a noble pointed arch leads. Fine broad flights of shallow steps slope down to the reservoir, which, though very deep, is lined with stone to the bottom. Handsome colonnades run round it, and, opening to the street, there are extensive wings, ruined now, where pilgrims and strangers were of old hospitably entertained. The street in which this relic of past magnificence stands was formerly three miles in length—three miles of superb public buildings and glittering palaces,

adorned on public occasions with tissues, velvets, and brocades, with other rich cloths and costly ornaments.

According to the old historian, however, it was not altogether the most peaceful of cities, but followed too much the evil example of Ahmednugger. Let us hear what he says: "The writer of these sheets, Mahummud Casim Ferishta, saw the following occurrence in the streets of Beejapur. Syed Mortiza and Syed Houssun, two white-haired brothers who were held in great esteem with Ibrahim Adil Shah, and regarded by all as respectable in the Deccan, had a dispute with three Deccanis, also brothers, white-haired, and known to the king. First, the son of Syed Mortiza, a youth of twenty, engaged a Deccani, and was killed, upon which his father singled out another, and, like his son, resigned himself to death. Syed Houssun next fought the third Deccani, and scattered the dust of annihilation upon his own countenance. The three bodies were not yet removed from the street when the Deccanis, who had received mortal wounds from the

slaughtered, gave up their lives to the Keeper of Souls, and thus in an instant six respectable persons were destroyed. The Mussulmans of the Deccan," he goes on to observe, "are certainly unequalled in the management of the sabre, and in single combat no one can face them who has not learned the science; but as most of them practise on foot, and are ignorant of horsemanship and throwing the lance, before an army, especially the Deccani cavalry, they are much inferior, but for private quarrels and street contentions they are as tearing lions." *

Little remained to tell of the tale of other days. Here and there was a falling entrance, through which a glimpse might be obtained of crumbling walls, decayed fountains, and scrubby fruit-trees strangled by jungle climbers.

Turning down a desolate road, we came to the jumma musjid, which was erected in the middle of the fourteenth century by Sultan Ali Adil Shah the First, a great man in his generation, and the noble building is worthy of him.

* See Ferishta's "History of the Deccan," vol. i, p. 358.

The wings are still unfinished, but "even as it is," says Mr. Furgusson, "it is one of the finest mosques in India, and about as large as a mediæval cathedral." It bears an inscription that welcomes the stranger in the following words: "Enter the mosque of the Sultan whose end was happy." This statement could not refer to his mortal end, for this sovereign was assassinated by a eunuch, whom he had forced against his will to come to his court from Ahmednugger.

The body of the building is symmetrically divided into squares, the small ones roofed in by domes of a beautiful form, but so flat as not to be visible externally. The space of twelve of the squares in the centre is crowned by a great dome, standing on a square measuring seventy feet each way; it is egg-shaped, and, taking the general view of the place, it is, with one exception, the most prominent feature in Beejapur. The number of elegant honey-combed pendatives leading up to the domes had a charming effect. Within this musjid six

thousand men could at once bow down in prayer.

The carved stone-work of the mihrab still retains traces of the gold and colour with which it was originally decorated. The inscription in Persian characters that it bears has been translated thus: "Pleasant is the stage of the world now sparkling in mine eye, and happy is the lot of my life, but it is fleeting." It must not be forgotten that this Sultan had to wife the beautiful and high-minded Queen Chaund. Many a fierce sermon has been preached from the pulpit. From the very time of its foundation, Beejapur was divided into two great religious parties, the Soonnis, who are advocates for the justice of the succession to the Prophet of the first three kaliphs, and the Sheea sect, who regard Alee, the Prophet's son-in-law, as his successor, and even his equal in holiness. The floor of the building, made of the finest chunam, was exquisitely smooth and glossy. It was marked out by fine black lines of an ornamental char-

acter into compartments just large enough for each man as he bent down in reverence at the name of Allah. This is said to have been done when Aurungzebe carried off the fine carpets and other furniture belonging to the holy place; but I have seen other mosques, that had never had carpets to steal, ornamented in the same manner. The courtyard, with its central fountain and peristyles, was very fine. What a scene it must have been when the victorious emperor, seated upon a travelling-throne, was carried through it and on to the mosque, where he offered up thanksgivings for his success in capturing the city; his generals, meanwhile, being occupied in plundering the surrounding country, and digging up the magnificent gardens in the environs.

CHAPTER XII.

The Palace of Illustrious Relics—Miniature Bridge of Sighs—The Chatra-gang—Relics of the Hindoo Town—Remarkable Basaltic Columns—Brahminical Colleges—The Hall of Justice—A Coquettish Young Wife—Eclipse of the Moon—The Mother of the Books—The Tomb of Muhammed Shah—The Mhetré Méhal—The Lion of the Plain.

IN driving in the early morning, it was quite pretty to see the number of parrots that live about the old tombs coming out to sun themselves, and specking the domes with green. When alarmed they rose up in clouds and winged their arrowy flight through the air, uttering shrill cries. The citadel is surrounded by a ditch full of water, in which the old battlements were reflected. It was green with rank

vegetation, the swampy home of a variety of aquatic birds; a malarious place that would have gladdened the heart of artist or of sportsman. Close on its exterior rises the Asar-i-Sharif, or palace of illustrious relics, originally a mosque, to which was attached a college and a library; but its great sanctity arose from two hairs of the Prophet's beard—precious relics—that it contained. There was joy indeed when they were brought to Beejapur by a venerable syed (saint). The Sultan, hearing of his approach, went out of the city to meet him, and entertained him with royal magnificence for many days. He caused the relics to be placed in a golden shrine set with jewels, and visited it every Friday, and upon all holidays.

The glory of the building is its elevated verandah, from which the relics were shown to the people. It is supported by immense shafts of wood, carved, and once richly-coloured and gilded. The wall at the back, and also those of the adjoining chambers, were most charmingly decorated (it is said, by the hand of a

Portuguese artist) with floral designs painted upon a golden ground, the colours of which had stood the test of time, although exposed to the external air. The climate of Beejapur is remarkably pure, and free from damp. Most elegant also were the doors, which were covered with inlaid work composed of mother of pearl, ivory-stained, and in which green predominated, and olive-wood set in geometrical patterns. At the back of the building there was a lofty audience-hall, lighted through lattices of wood pierced with a great variety of designs.

In the walls of the chamber there were numbers of shallow recesses, fitted with shelves, once filled with books, but now empty. On the lapse of the Sattara territory, some six years ago, this library, which contained no historical works, passed into the hands of the Bombay Government, from whence it was transferred to the Indian Office. We spent some time in wandering through the vacant chambers of this once beautiful palace, in which many bits of finery, decaying relics of the

past, are stored. A miniature "bridge of sighs" once connected the Asar-i-sharif with the citadel, spanning the ditch, but it is now impassable. Making a little détour, we passed another bridge. The low, arched way by which we entered the fortification was probably pierced through the wall erected by the first sultan. There, on the crumbling ramparts, had stood that most curious group, the female warriors, with their bows and arrows, and the stout Turkish woman who held the umbrella of royalty over the young king whilst, with all his strength exerted, he rolled from the brink the stone that was to destroy his enemy.

On entering the enceinte the first object that presented itself was a high, square tower, called the Chatra-gang, a contrivance for giving impetus to the water of one of the aqueducts. It was interesting as being one of fourteen built by Sivajee's victim, the Beejapur envoy, Afzul Khan, whose head lies buried in the tower at Pertabgurh. It bears upon it a Persian inscription, which is lengthy,

but I am tempted to give a part of it for the old Khan's sake. It runs thus: "Be it known . . . . . that Afzul Khan Muhammed Shah, a nobleman of good fortune, the first in rank of the Deccan lords . . . . . did, after much labour, render this aqueduct conspicuous . . . . . for the convenience of God's people, so that whosoever should have a thirsty lip might have his heart filled and satisfied with this water, whilst his tongue would be moist in praying that this sovereignty of the king, the asylum of the universe, may abide for ever. A.D. 1652." Profoundly interesting, to my mind, were the relics of the Hindoo town, which was destroyed in the reign of Allah-ul-deen.

Two remarkably fine columns of basalt, still highly polished, lay on the ground. It is said that they were sent as a present from the widow of Ram Raja, the dethroned king of Beejanugger, to the Sultan Ali Adil Shah. They have never been employed in this city, and probably lie on the spot to which they were carted. Close to them was the temple

attached to the old Brahminical college, which was converted into a mosque and frequented by the ladies of the Beejapur court,* who were allowed to repeat certain prayers in the holy spot, but by no means to listen to sermons. It was a strange place. The fine enamel that decorated the arch of the mihrab suited ill with the numerous but short and rudely-shaped granite pillars of the original edifice, some of which bore inscriptions commemorating gifts of land to the temple from the Rajpoot princes who once reigned over this part of the Deccan. The earliest is in Sanskrit, and gives the date, 1192. There are a few rude figures of Hindoo gods carved upon them, which have strangely escaped destruction at the hand of Aurungzebe, the iconoclast. The flat roof of large stones, that covers in the low building, must be very old. The interior of the citadel seems to

* A raja called Bigam Rai appears to have founded this and other colleges in the town, which was then called Bigam Halli. Their existence attests the importance of the old Hindoo city.

have been a region of palaces, gardens, and fountains—the very abode of luxury.

The hall of justice, where the kings (and not only the kings, but Queen Chaund herself) sat in state to receive petitions and show themselves to the people, must have been a noble building. The span of the central arch measures eighty-two feet in width. Some of the wood-work still retains traces of gilding and colour. Before it is a fine terrace, with a ruined fountain, round which the suppliants were wont to cluster. A wood of guava-trees occupies the site of "the palace of gold," which, in all its beauty, perished by fire.

The harem, a plain three-storied building with very small rooms, is still in a tolerable state of preservation; but the adjacent palaces, said to have been very splendid, are mere shells. Still rising above its peers is the "Haft Mahal," or prayer-palace, which had seven stories (the number seven has some occult meaning to the Mohammedan), but only five are to be counted

now, while we saw the seven with the eye of faith.

We were finally taken to see a second Hindoo temple, the shrine of which is still visited by pilgrims, but which had no claim to great antiquity, though it was very picturesque, and had steps with ornamental balustrades leading down to the water. Beneath the shady verandah were grouped a band of people, who had come sixty miles to hang their wreaths upon it, and mutter their prayers before the idol. They had travelled in rough bullock-carts, and were well-to-do folks—spinners and dyers, as they told us. One of the girls, probably a young wife, was pretty, and she knew it, for nothing could be more coquettish than the way in which she half shyly concealed her face with her sari, and then withdrew it. She wore a very handsome necklace of fine plated gold wire, with bunches of little gold balls attached to it.

Much of our sight-seeing was accomplished before breakfast, after which each person retired to his or her respective corner of the

mosque. The cool obscurity of the mihrab was fitted either for slumber or for the perusal of easy literature. The afternoon brought visitors. Even in ruined Beejapur there was no escaping the tax rigorously demanded by Indian society. They were, however, few in number, generally the wives of engineers employed in marking out railways, &c. They sometimes joined my host's hospitable table.

It was interesting to hear what these ladies had to say, for a roving life had made them acquainted with strange places and queer scenes. After dinner the chairs were set out upon the terrace. The beauty of the luminous moonlight upon minaret and tracery was enchanting. "But what is the matter with the 'eye of the night'?" I exclaimed on one occasion. There was a general chorus. "Oh, we had forgotten the eclipse!" The effect was very singular; it seemed as if the moon, a silver crescent, was supporting between its horns a glowing, ruddy-brown ball.

I was informed that it would be considered gracious if I paid a visit to "the mother of

the books." The impending event being announced to her, we found her seated in state in the tomb. I made a curtsey; she smiled and inclined her head. Alas! how much a stranger in a foreign land loses from not understanding its language! She was very lively, and entered into a voluble discourse with my host, who interpreted a few of her sentences. She was anxious to make excuses for the plainness of her dress. "She was a widow, and not permitted to wear jewellery and pretty things." I looked at the graceful folds of her crimson sari, and with a deprecating shrug of the shoulders pointed to my tasteless black dress. I waited patiently for the sentence with which the most polite natives dismiss their guests, "Now you may go," but as it did not come, I rose and put out my hand with a smile; upon which the old lady, much pleased, threw herself upon my neck and gave me as hearty a cuddle as I had received for many a long day. The puttah-wallees, who were gravely standing in a row, laughed; so did we; the old lady joined

in, and that was the last I saw of "the mother of the books."

The great attraction of Beejapur is the tomb of Muhammed Shah, who died in the year 1654. It must be visited many times, and viewed from various positions, ere the visitor awakes to a just appreciation of its majestic proportions. It is a square building, measuring two hundred feet each way. The bald appearance of the front, with its centre and flanking arches flush with the wall, is certainly ugly, but this is consequent upon the unfinished state of the building, which is often the case in the East, where such works were frequently commenced on too large a scale to be carried out during one man's lifetime. It was the original intention to throw out on every face a semi-circular erection, finished off by a dome. Had this design been carried out, the effect would have been superb.

At each angle of the tomb rises an octagonal tower of seven stories (again the magic number), terminated by a closed story capped by a

dome and minarets. The effect of the light shining through such a multitude of small arched apertures (as I have previously remarked with regard to the tomb of Sullabut Khan at Ahmednugger) as adorn these towers is not pleasing. The usual fine, bracketed cornice supports an arched gallery which is finished off by a handsome frieze and railing. The mighty dome rises from a circle of blind arches, the points of which bend over. Government is repairing this dome, and ladders of rope were suspended over its bulging sides. It was frightful to see the workmen crawling about and standing upon what to those below appeared to be a slippery curve. I was laughed at. "Why," said my friend, "you might dance a quadrille with perfect safety where you now see people moving."

In our prolonged rambles, I often rested on some low wall in the vicinity of this mausoleum whilst my companions pursued their walk. The form of the dome (although this one is strictly hemispherical, which the other is not) reminded me more, externally, of that of St.

Sophia at Constantinople than of any that I had previously seen. But how different were their surroundings! The latter, a dome of snow rising from amidst innumerable tapering minarets, looking down upon a glittering vision of life, colour, and beauty; the former, weather-stained and gloomy, rising above a dead city and a lonely plain.* The solemn interior of the vast tomb, save for the elegant corner pendatives that carried the eye up to the dome, was unornamented and dimly lighted, according to Eastern custom. At the base of the dome is a gallery to which some people ascend. It has the appearance of being dangerously narrow, as it is unguarded, but, in fact, it is perfectly safe, as it extends twelve feet from the wall. Under the mighty dome stands the tomb of its founder, a plain, oblong erection of chunam, with a curved top, just such a grave

* Mr. Furgusson calls this dome "a wonder of constructive skill; externally it is believed to be the largest that exists, but it may not be so internally, as it is more than ten feet thick." See Furgusson's "Indian Architecture," p. 561.

as it is common to see by the road-side. Over it rose a shabby erection resembling the skeleton of a four-post bed. This had a strangely mean appearance, but once, no doubt, it had served to support costly hangings. To the right—queer company—lay the tombs of his favourite mistress, the dancing-girl Rambha, his daughter, and his eldest wife, sister of the King of Golconda; to the left, that of his youngest wife and one of her relatives. These tombs also were of simple white chunam, but they were marked as those of women by being flat at the top instead of rounded. Workmen, whose diminished forms gave some idea of its great scale, were busy on the inside of the dome. I delighted in the opportunities afforded me of roaming about this interior at my leisure. The moonshee, who always accompanied me, would withdraw to a distant corner and give himself up to meditation; but occasionally I called to him, and we conversed, and I questioned him as to the existence among the people of legends or songs relating to the olden time. "Absolutely none," he said; "but

the people have a kind of blind pride in the extent of the city and the size of the buildings." Had these folks been Hindoos, they would doubtless have attributed this past magnificence to the Pandu brothers, and a thousand wild legends would have been said and sung respecting bygone days.

What a gulf separates the mind of the Mohammedan from that of the Hindoo! The one spends his life in providing the receptacle which he fondly hopes will preserve his body from defilement; the other passes his in observances that are to ensure to his spirit a quick and favourable transit through various existences until, worthy of everlasting peace, it shakes off the coils of the flesh. If his religion be attacked, "the Moslem frowns, the Hindoo smiles." I used to pass in and out of the mausoleum with trepidation, for over the doorway dangled a large stone suspended by a very rusty chain, an aerolite, which the natives believe, acting as a charm, prevents the building from being struck by lightning.

The early Kings of Beejapur were no bigots;

they received and endowed many Portuguese Christian missions. One of these missions had been located at Aurungabad, and was still there in the time of Meadows Taylor, when he visited the place in order to see a miracle-play. The performance began with the scene of Our Lord's birth and ended with His crucifixion. "Although, no doubt," he says, "it could not bear comparison with that of Ammergau, yet it was very curious and strange. Portuguese monks chaunted the story in their own tongue, interspersed with bad Hindostanee; but the effect was very impressive, and the last scene was the signal for wailing and groaning from the spectators, who looked on with awe and wonder." I fear, however, that the reason of this scheming liberality is not far to seek. The Beejapur kings had intimate relations with the Portuguese, who had on more than one occasion assisted them with troops.

At some distance from the gul gambaz (rose dome), as the great mausoleum is called, rise seven large Gothic-looking arches placed upon a lofty platform. It was a work commenced by

Ali Adil Shah II., whose great ambition it was that it should exceed as a tomb the magnificence of that of his father, and that its shadow should so fall as to darken it. His intention was frustrated by a premature death. The stones carted to the spot by the workmen still lie scattered about. Had it been finished, it would have been the grandest building in Beejapur. Presenting a great contrast to these mighty works is a little building of perfect beauty, called the Mhetri Méhal. There is some play in the words, but it has been translated to mean Sweeper's Palace. The legend attached to it runs thus:

A certain king being very ill, one of his astrologers craftily assured him that he would recover, if he would give a large sum to the first person he beheld in the morning, intending, of course, to present himself as soon as the king was awake. It so happened, however, that his majesty was restless, and, rising, put his head out of the window, and his glance fell upon a poor sweeper, on whom he conferred the promised money. The

mhetri, overloaded with his wealth, disposed of it by erecting this building. The appearance it presents is that of a small three-storied gateway, with a beautiful balcony supported by brackets. Every inch of this little palace is covered with carving of the most delicate description; it might be wood-carving petrified, for the whole design seems more adapted to wood than stone. This may have been suggested by the nature of the material, which is quarried in small quantities in the neighbourhood, and in appearance greatly resembles dry timber. It was set with minarets, and from the cornice stone chains of many links, some of them quite perfect, which is unusual, were suspended. The date of the building is 1536.

One of the principal entrances to the town is called the Mecca Gate, as it looks towards the tomb of the Prophet. Near it rises a stout tower attached to the ramparts; it is called the "Lion Tower," from having built into it a slab of stone on which is sculptured a conventional animal, evidently a relic of the Hindoo period.

On this tower stands the far-famed "monarch of the plain," the largest piece of ordnance in the world. Monsters are generally a mistake, not so as to appearance is this gun. The clearest account of this fine relic is given by Mr. Grant Duff. "This gun," he says, "of which the muzzle is four feet eight inches in diameter, and the calibre two feet four inches, was cast at Ahmednugger, A.D. 1549, by a native of Constantinople named Houssein Khan. Aurungzebe put an inscription upon it to commemorate the conquest of Beejapur in 1685, which has led to the mistake of supposing it to be cast at that time. It is alike curious for its dimensions and its history. The Bombay Government in 1823 was particularly desirous of sending it to the King of England, and an engineer was sent to examine it, but the present state of the roads renders the difficulty of transporting such a huge mass of metal to the court almost insuperable."

It is truly grand. It is made of gong metal, which contains some silver, and it rings when struck. In colour it is a bronzy green, and it

has a beautifully smooth polish. The muzzle is wrought into the form of a dragon's mouth, and it has more than one inscription on it.

The first inscription upon it ran thus:

"The Prince Mahummed Ghazi, in splendour like the sun, under whose umbrella the world sought a shelter, by the force of his all-destroying sabre, in half the winking of an eye, took 'the master of the field' from Nizam Shah."

The following was put in its stead:

"Shah Aulumgeer Ghazi, emperor of kings, who restored justice and conquered the sovereigns of the Deccan, reduced Beejapur. Good fortune on him daily smiled, and victory exclaimed, 'He hath subdued the master of the field.'"

The Hindoo inhabitants of the city worshipped this gun, and it was a universal object of veneration and dread, so much so that, when in the year 1829 the Raja of Sattara made preparations for firing it off, many people left the

city and camped at a distance. It was loaded with eighty pounds of coarse powder. The explosion was loud, but nothing very extraordinary.

The ramparts here commanded a most extensive view over the war-trampled plain. How often had they echoed to the cry of "Deen, deen!" (for the faith). They may have witnessed the exploits of another of India's heroines, Janee Begum, the wife of Sultan Azim Shah, who, when the enemy's troops were endeavouring to cut off communication between him and the grand camp at Sholapore, advanced into the battle, encouraged the soldiers, and turned the tide of war against the army of Beejapur.

There is another fine gun in the city, placed upon an isolated tower of great solidity, eighty feet high. It is ascended by means of narrow, unprotected steps, that wind round it. I did not venture up, but the gentlemen reported that the gun was very fine and curious, even preferring it to "The Lion of the Plain." It was a Malabar gun, made of

iron bars welded together, and bound with iron hoops at regular intervals.

It was with regret that I saw for the last time the rays of the rising sun lie rosy on the minarets and tracery of the Ibrahim Rozah. In the afternoon of that day we made a long excursion through the ruins of Torwar, first visiting some long-neglected gardens, once charming groves of orange and citron-trees.

Suddenly we came upon a tree, such as we had noticed, but had not been able to examine, in the neighbourhood of the citadel, under which, we were informed, culprits were beheaded. The bole was a gigantic cylinder, starting at once out of the ground, and perfectly smooth. Struck by its remarkable appearance, we made one of our followers unwind his ample turban and measure it. It was just twenty-nine feet in circumference; its leaves resembled those of the horse-chestnut, but were smaller. It was an exotic, the Abyssinian boab-tree, or, botanically speak-

ing, the *adamsonia;* and the fine specimens that grow in Beejapur are the only ones in India, except one tree and the little nurselings at Ahmednugger. They were brought over as presents by the Abyssinian admirals of the Beejapur fleet. A few orange trees still existed, in a scrubby condition. They may have seen Beejapur in all its magnificence; for the orange is the longest-lived fruit-tree known. It is reputed to have attained the age of three hundred years, and no fruit-tree will sustain itself so well under neglect and rough treatment.

The ground that was covered by the populous and once rich suburb of Torwar is now left to the dead. The plan seems to have been that every family of any consideration had a bit of ground converted into a garden, in which stood the house, the mausoleum, and its attendant mosque. The latter were built to endure, not so the homes, they soon perished. It was an extraordinary sight to see miles of such erections thickly dotted over

the swelling plain, and among them not one dome that had fallen. It has been truly said that the difficulty would be to build a dome on the Eastern plan that *could* fall. Torwar is the most desolate part of Beejapur. In the other divisions life, though languid, still throbs. The people, who are poor, number eleven thousand. There the walls still stand, and the ravages of time are somewhat concealed by the rank vegetation.

We finally visited the well-preserved remains of a very extensive seraie. It consisted of a large square, with walls and towers, and the fine gateway, with guard-chambers on each side, was set with minarets. The pillared corridors that lined the walls had rooms behind them, roofed in with shallow domes, for the accommodation of merchants and strangers, and in the centre there was a fine fountain. The place was silent now, but what a scene of animation it must have presented when caravans came filing in, their camels and elephants laden with costly goods! As we retraced our steps through the ruined

city, our thoughts dwelt upon the line of princes that had raised it to such a pitch of greatness and luxury. The last of the race, the Prince Secunder, was but four years old when his father died. He grew up, and defended Beejapur against its enemies valiantly, aided by the Seedees. The garrison was ill-paid and short of provisions, but it is said to have shown some remains of Patan vigour, and fought with obstinacy. The siege was a prolonged one; for it was the Emperor Aurungzebe's policy to wear out his adversaries rather than to allow them to die exulting with their swords in their hands. Beejapur fell at last in October, 1686. The principal officers were admitted into the imperial service, but the unfortunate Secunder was a close prisoner in the Mogul camp for a period of four years, when he is said to have died from the effects of a poisoned cucumber, sent to him by Aurungzebe. Whilst eating it he uttered these words:

"I am pleased with God's will."

In the grey of the following morning we left

Beejapur, but the sun was high before we lost sight of the "Rose Dome," as it loomed out large against the horizon.

CHAPTER XIII.

Fort at Sholapore—Relief Works—Kalburgah—The Bhámani Kings—An Insecure Railway Carriage—Tall Warriors—Animated Scene—Territory of the Nizam—Granite Boulders—Hyderabad—Lepers—The Site and Remains of the Old City of Golconda.

A WHOLE day at Sholapore enabled me to visit the fort, as, having been part of the dower of the good Queen Chaund, it possessed a special interest. In style it was like that of Belgaum, but the wet ditch was wider, and it was stronger. It had need to be, for it was a frontier fort, and was bandied about between the Kings of Ahmednugger, and Beejapur, and the Mogul.*

* See Grant Duff's "History of the Máhrattas," p. 47.

In 1808 it was besieged by the English, and there was a great slaughter under the walls before they finally gained possession of it. It was a grim place, but the effect of the triple battlements, rising one above the other, and of the great round towers, so placed as to command and defend the curtains, was exceedingly picturesque. The single entrance was through a narrow winding way, commanded at every point. We passed the guard. The position is still considered to be one of such importance that no one is admitted without a pass. It is not inhabited, and there was nothing in the interior to interest the stranger but a few rusty cannons bearing the date of 1823-4, and a most extraordinary shrine in which stood the image of a human figure shrouded in a cumlie, or native blanket, the fringe of which concealed the face. It was painted red, and the effect was appalling. It was set within an arch of metal embossed with curious interlacing patterns, and gilded. In front of the gateway the water widened into a lake.

We passed some time in watching the num-

bers of aquatic birds, and admiring the profusion of red and white lotus-flowers. Well might Venus hate the lotus-flower as rivalling her in beauty. Several flights of steps led down to the water. The effect of the crowds that were ascending and descending them with their coloured vestments and bright vessels was charming. In the course of the day I got a telegram that decided my movements. "*Will meet you at Hyderabad Junction. Signed, Dustoor.*" (Dustoor, the name of a Parsee high priest, is a modern Persian word, the best equivalent for which is "chief ruler.") It was from my new acquaintance, who had promised me his assistance in visiting the tombs of the kings at Golconda.

The train started at the dreary hour of 4.50 a.m., and half an hour before that time I was handed up into an exceedingly high dogcart with a frisky horse.

"We are too soon," said my friend, "we will take a little turn. I will show you the relief works." I assented, but how I was to make their acquaintance in a pitch dark night was a

problem for the future to solve. "Do you see that village?" There really was something black, so I boldly said "Yes," and then I was told that four thousand destitute people were sheltered there.

Seated in a saloon carriage, I waited impatiently for sunrise; for once it was murky, and not beautiful. But how lovely were the swelling hills to the west! What a light lay upon them—what a curious effect of early morning! But the people at the station, what had happened to them? They looked like so many corpses; they were lead colour. How small I felt when I found that I was looking through a medium of green glass.

Three hours brought us to Kalburgah, anciently a fine Hindoo city. In the middle of the fourteenth century, however, it fell under the sway of the Moslem, and became the capital of the Deccan, under a dynasty called the Bhámani kings. It is recorded that one of these kings waged a war of extermination against a certain Deccani race. Like "the King of

Israel," he received the heads of his victims in baskets. After having glutted himself with the sight, he caused them to be piled up in heaps outside the town. But this was nothing unusual. One of the Hindoo kings of about the same period massacred a great number of Mussulmans, and erected a platform of their heads on the field of battle. What a dreadful battle-ground has this Deccan been, every foot of it a history! The Bhámani kings existed until the year 1609, when they were absorbed in the great Mogul Empire.

Dome after dome stretched along the plain, dominated by that of the great mosque, which Mr. Furgusson considers to be "one of the finest old Patan buildings in India." Its great peculiarity is that alone of all the great mosques in India its whole area is covered in.* Amid the ruins stands the tomb of a celebrated pîr or saint—one who drank the sherbet of martyrdom—and crowds of people still annually

* See Furgusson's "Indian and Eastern Architecture," p. 553.

assemble to worship at the shrine. It is illuminated for the occasion by numbers of small lamps.

On we sped over treeless plains, sparsely cultivated. In the course of time I had to leave the Madras train and get upon the Nizam's line. The Nizam is the happy possessor of two engines, and it is to be hoped that they are in better condition than that of the once handsome saloon carriage that had been bought cheap from the British India G. I. P. line. It had sofas, and movable arm-chairs, and a centre table, and at one end a sliding door gave upon an open gallery, intended for the accommodation of servants. This door was most uncomfortably energetic. It was shut a dozen times in order to exclude the dust, and as often, calmly, without any display of temper, slid back into its recess. Almost as many times were the books arranged upon table or sofa, but they quietly edged off, were deposited upon the floor, and there at last I left them. There was no entering the dressing-room, for the water-pipe leaked and the floor was flood-

ed. With a silent prayer that the carriage might hold together until my return journey was accomplished, I turned for comfort to the country through which we were passing.

The dreary plains were left behind; fringes of the date-palm marked the windings of the stream, and the scrub, with occasional clumps of fine timber and of free growing tamarind-trees, was very pretty. A kind of whitish stone abounded; rough-hewn for the stations, it was very handsome, and at every place there was a pretty garden and a profusion of a vine-leafed creepers that bore a fine purple bell. A magical change had come over the people that thronged the line. Accustomed as I was to the wiry, under-sized, white-robed Máhrattas, the men all looked to me like gigantic warriors, armed, as they were, to the teeth. In his belt a man carried a whole arsenal of weapons, and from it were suspended strange embossed metal boxes, and embroidered leather bags, containing ammunition for the long slender matchlock, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl, that was slung across his back. Some

had in addition great curved swords. Amongst others, I noticed a fearful pointed weapon, used for thrusting; it is held by a bar, which connects two straight handles. It was new to me to see men alight from a train with a shield of bison or rhinoceros hide suspended behind; the substance of the latter was semi-transparent, like fine glue. Many of these shields were ornamented in a kind of enamel, and had ponderous bosses of silver or of brass.

And then the shawls in which the people were draped, so soft, so ample, and so rich of hue! One individual—and he was small and ugly—had his splendidly embroidered in gold. Immediately behind him came a woman in a dingy, washed-out sari; she carried his bundle, and I do believe that she was his wife. All was colour and animation. Boys were running about with little pyramids of rough ice or snow, or with trays containing sweetmeats. At some of the stations there was an impromptu stall, where dates and queer nuts, cakes and limes, and exceedingly large red plantains, were set

out in shallow baskets. Even before the train started, they were returned to safe keeping in a great chest. Emaciated beggars and wandering fakirs howled and wailed behind the railings. Such of the latter as were Hindoos were smeared with funeral ashes, and mud from the Ganges. The Mohammedans were distinguished by their long, bushy, flame-coloured beards, their rosaries or muttering chaplets, and by the long black begging-bowl, covered with Arabic characters, that they carried. Some of these are very old; they are hollowed out of a great nut that grows near Zanzibar, and is said to be seven years in reaching maturity; it takes a high polish.

I was delighted with these ever-shifting scenes.

In our country, people not well acquainted with India are apt to think (if they think at all on the subject) that a native state may be about the size of an average English county; yet this territory of the Nizam's embraces an area little less than that of the kingdom of Italy, and

has a population of between ten and eleven millions.*

These central plains of the Deccan appeared to be well watered. During the last hour of my journey, however, the character of the country changed in an astonishing manner. All verdure was destroyed by a chaotic assemblage of granite boulder stones. On the low ridges, clear cut against the horizon, they assumed the form of obelisks, and towers, and battlements, whilst on the plains they were piled up, huge masses one above the other, as by the hands of Titan children at their play. The mould had been gradually washed away from these bones of the earth. But Nature had furnished them with a kind of natural cement, the washings of ages, that kept them from falling. The links, however, were too small to be perceived except on close examina-

* "Look at a map. Never write or speak of Indian matters without looking at a map, and without bringing your mind to take in the scale of the map and the size of the country," wrote Lord Canning to Lord Granville. See "Life of the Prince Consort," vol. iv, p. 181.

tion, and, light piercing between the blocks, they had the effect of being hung in air. The granite of which they are formed has a slight rosy tinge, which was heightened, as I passed them, by the lurid rays of an angry sunset. There was something indescribably weird in the scene.

Some of the natives say that these are the chips left when the world was made; others, more learned in ancient lore, declare them to be stones hurled at the famous battle related in the Mahabarata, which is said to have taken place between the Pandavas and their cousins the Kurus. The locality being quite strange to me, it was an anxious moment when the train stopped at Hyderabad; but my faithful dustoor awaited me.

He was a very handsome man, a little past middle-age, with a softly-flowing silvery beard, and large velvety brown eyes. In very precise English he bid my man take the luggage to the travellers' bungalow at Secunderabad, and, presenting his arm, handed me into a handsomely-appointed London-made barouche.

In passing the extensive public gardens, he proposed that we should enter and see some fine tigers. They were handsome creatures that reminded me of Máhableshwur. I inquired if there were any hunting leopards; but no, "there were many kept in the city for the purposes of sport."

Having admired the beautiful collection of flowers, we went on our way, along by the rocky shore of the picturesque lake, which has not the least appearance of being artificial. There were many small yachts and boats upon it, and the Nizam runs a steamer which the pleasure-loving people of Secunderabad are fond of borrowing for their excursions. The lake is twenty miles in circumference. So large a piece of water is rare in India, where every beauty of landscape, except that of lake scenery, is to be found. This shore was evidently the principal drive of the station, which, with the exception of that of Madras itself, is the largest in the Presidency, containing forty thousand inhabitants.

Elegant ladies in crisp muslins passed, looking with not a little surprise at the dusty English woman who was driving with the Parsee priest. In this region there were numbers of fine houses belonging to natives. Some of them were built upon the bungalow plan, but others had two stories, and were ornamented with pillars and string courses of sculpture gilded. Most of the latter belonged to Parsees.

We passed a brilliantly lighted hall. "That is our pleasure-house," said my friend. "I am going to dine there."

And then we had a little conversation respecting my plans. I explained that I had only one day to dispose of, and that it must be devoted to seeing the tombs of the kings.

Europeans cannot visit the town of Hyderabad unless they give four days' notice, and have permission from the authorities. The state of the city is rendered unsafe to strangers by the number of fanatics. If one or two strangers are allowed to enter, the condition is

that they should ride upon an elephant. Larger parties have a regular escort. My companion deposited me at the bungalow, promising that he would order a tonga to be at the door by daylight.

It is only six miles to Golconda, or Gawalcoond, as it was once called; but the road was said to be indifferent, and I wished to have plenty of time in which to ramble about. The vehicle arrived punctually; but, early as it was, people were beginning to gather on the extensive parade-ground in front of the bungalow. It was the 1st of January, and there was to be a grand review. The houses in the suburban bazaars were rich in old carved, wooden balconies, and were painted and stained with bright colours. Mixed up with them were many small cemeteries with clustered cupolas and graceful cypress-trees. In one of the streets I for the first time saw a leper. The face of the man presented no appearance of sores, but it was of a most peculiar pink hue. These unfortunate creatures are sometimes rubbed down with pumice-stone. The last six

feet of mother earth, or the funeral-pyre, is denied them; the common belief is that, if the body of a leper is buried, no rain will fall on the lands of the village where it is.

Turning into a great thoroughfare, I met many a glittering equipage, both native and European, and fierce-looking were the people that came streaming along. The inhabitants of Hyderabad are said to be the most disorderly, turbulent, and ferocious set of ruffians within the limits of India. Hence, partly, the reason of the large British force kept up at Secunderabad. The travelling-shawls that I had so much admired were exchanged for gala-dresses of bright-coloured muslins (saffron was the prevailing tint) that rose in clouds behind the tall men as they strode along. Others wore robes of floating gossamer, contrasting strongly with the weapons they carried. A road under repair obliged the driver to turn aside from the highway, which afforded me the opportunity of seeing how dirty the suburbs of an Oriental city could be.

Gradually we got into a pleasanter region,

where fine country houses rose from within high walls—a necessary precaution in this neighbourhood, where property is very insecure. Through the bars of the strong iron gates, peeps were obtained of charming gardens with kiosks and fountains. As we proceeded, the road traversed a plain, to the left fertile, but to the right all arid up to the boulder-strewn ridges of the low hills that bounded it. This was the site of the city of Golconda, which was deserted in 1589. It was very unhealthy in consequence of its want of water, and a new city was founded, at a distance of about eight miles, by Muhammed Kuli, who placed it upon the banks of the river Musi. He called his new capital Bhaugnugger, after his mistress Bhaug, a celebrated courtesan, but afterwards, becoming ashamed of having so styled it, he changed the name to Hyderabad.* The city, however, was once more to change its name, but only for a short period. When taken by Aulumgee (as it will be remembered Aurung-

* See Scott's "Ferishta," vol. i, p. 409.

zebe was styled before he became emperor), he ordered it to be called the Mansion of Zeal, an appellation that reminds one of our own Puritan times.

They were powerful sovereigns, the only ones at that period in the Deccan that struck coins of gold in their own name, or sounded the naubut (the watch) five times. To the west, their territories touched those of Ahmednugger and Beejapur, and if they retained those gained by the first of their house, who styled himself Sultan of Tellingana, as well as of Golconda, they possessed on the coast the pearl-fishery from Deccan up to Ceylon, that had belonged for ages to the Hindoo Kings of Tellingana, and their right of sea-board extended even into Orissa. (These princes were not badly off, with their pearl-fisheries and their diamond-mines.) Like their neighbours, they did a little in the way of piracy; but that was not thought ungentlemanly in those days, and these good Mohammedans always prayed fervently that Allah would favour their undertaking before commencing an expedition. Broken platforms,

and here and there some solitary shaft of stone with notches cut in it, were all that now remained of the old city of Golconda.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fine Walks—The Rozah or Mausoleum—Eastern Domes—Mosque of Hyderabad—Unwelcome Guests—Wealthy Merchants—Arched Gateway—Fort of Golconda—Coinage of the State—A Dustoor or Zoroastrian Bishop—Baptism of a Parsee Child—Match-making—Marriage Ceremony—Funeral Rites—The Parsee Priesthood.

OUR progress was tediously slow, and riding, as I was, backwards in the half-covered carriage I could see nothing of the country towards which we were advancing.

"Are we near?" I called out.

"We are there," was the reply, and, jumping out, the dazzling group was before me; so beautiful that it was like a page from fairy-land! Dome upon dome of the purest

white, with hundreds of gilt minarets flashing in the sun, rose from thickets of green verdure, and in the background was the stern fortress, so remote in date that the native antiquarians declare "that it has existed from the beginning." A low wall enclosed the tombs.

There were many fine walks in the grounds, bordered with fruit-trees; the citron, with its fragrant perfume, the musky-scented guava, and the orange, covered with golden fruit, which groups of women were busy plucking and heaping up in great, shallow baskets. There were the ruins of airy summer houses and vestiges of water-works; it must once have been a very paradise of a garden. Each group dedicated to the dead, and I think that there were about seven, was raised high upon an extensive square stylobat. There was the rozah or mausoleum, the attendant mosque, and grouped about the tombs of the ladies and the junior members of the royal family, the ministers, etc., Time and War have not spared these tombs, and the British

Government are, with laudable zeal, putting them into a safe condition.

I climbed the steps that led to one not as yet taken in hand. The superstructure was reared upon a crypt of numerous arches in rubble and cement. The mausoleum itself was built of the red-tinged granite of the country. In this material the builders of the tombs of Golconda had a great advantage over those of Beejapur, where the stone is of a poor sort. This had been, and indeed partially was, covered with chunam of the finest quality, resembling marble. (I was afterwards told by a gentleman, who had seen this enamel twenty years ago, that it was then nearly perfect, and most beautiful.) It was also ornamented with porcelain tiles, said to have been of peculiar beauty, but scarcely a trace of which now remains. There are still, however, vestiges of the enamel, which was executed by artists brought from China at a vast expense. The effect of the tombs thus adorned must have been more brilliant that the imagi-

nation can picture. The chunam, made of old from such shells as still abound upon the Southern coast of India, was as hard as marble, and took as fine a polish. More than two thousand years has not destroyed that which still clings to the ruined topes of Ceylon. The vast interior hall was undecorated; there was nothing to withdraw the attention from the solitary tomb that stood in the centre, a tomb of black marble, rising in decreasing stages, terminated by a narrow, oblong step, the whole covered with Persian characters in bold relief and highly polished. The tomb was in every way worthy of the once powerful king that lay beneath it.

Some of the exterior tombs were fine, one in particular was of peculiar beauty. It was probably the resting-place of some Sultana. It had a richly-carved canopy, supported by slender pillars. The tomb itself was of black marble. By it was set one of similar design, not more than a span long, and I fancied that it told the story of the mother-tomb.

There were many slabs of very smooth, green basalt. I sat down upon one of them, for it commanded an extensive view that reached to the towers of Hyderabad five miles away, and over the tombs, with the gardens at their feet. It has been truly said that these Easterns played with the form of their domes, and moulded them as they pleased. Those of Golconda, so beautiful as a whole, in detail lacked the noble simplicity of the strictly hemispherical form of those at Beejapur. Rising prominently above the clustered buildings of Hyderabad was its great mosque, which had minarets of extraordinary height. Near it stands a square, seven-storied tower, in which seven branches of science were taught. These structures are warehouses now.

What wealth was once collected in this city! Sometimes, however, powerful as were its kings, they had to receive unwelcome guests. In 1603 an ambassador from Persia arrived, bringing magnificent presents, one of them a superb ruby-studded crown; but he stayed for

six years, and insisted upon having granted to him an annual pension of two thousand pounds of our money during his visit, besides costly presents to take home with him at the end of that period.

The Sivajee's little visits could not have been agreeable. In the year 1672 he presented himself, and exacted a large contribution, which his flying hosts safely conveyed over the Bima to Rajgurh. In the year 1679 the Máhratta hero came again to urge some request, backed this time by an army of thirty thousand horse and forty thousand infantry, which greatly alarmed the king, Kootub Shah. In 1686 the Moguls, with a vast army, came against Hyderabad, which was taken, and its vast treasures became the spoil of the soldiers. Its last king, Abou Houssein, took shelter in his fort of Golconda, and to this day the people have tales to tell of his gallant deeds.*

* "An anecdote," says Mr. Grant Duff, "is told respecting him which is probably true, but which I notice as characteristic of the pompous politeness of the Mohammedans of India. During Abou Houssein's confinement in the

The merchants of Hyderabad have for long been wealthy, and even in the last century were people of good family, education, and influence. The trade was chiefly in precious stones, particularly diamonds, and all the principal dealers in costly articles, as well as the bankers, had, and I believe still have, depositories for their goods within the fort of Golconda, for the sake of security. Hence a common error has arisen, which has made Golconda celebrated throughout Europe for its diamond mines. Its neighbourhood produces no such gems, all

emperor's camp, previous to being despatched to Doulatabad, a tune played by one of the Hindostanee musicians of the imperial band gave the captive king great delight, and he wished he had a lakh of rupees to bestow upon him. The wish was repeated to Aurungzebe, and instantly complied with.

"Many of the natives of India," continues the historian, "are exceedingly susceptible of the powers of music, and some of the Hindostanee airs are beautiful. Only a few specimens of an inferior description have ever reached the public in England; but should Major Tod, in his intended history, publish any specimens of Rajpoot music, this anecdote of the last of the Kings of Golconda may be better understood." See Grant Duff's "History of the Máhrattas," p. 152.

such merchandise being brought in a rough state from a distance, principally from Balagat, in the vicinity of the river Pennar.*

The Hyderabad of the present day contains about four hundred thousand inhabitants, and three-fourths of the wealth of the place is within the limits of the Residency, held to be British territory; these limits being carefully marked off from the rest of the city by walls and lanes of streets.

Continuing my rambles, I bent my steps towards the great mosque of the place, which stands alone. The roof was flat, but it was finished off by a balustrade of pierced work, ornamented by innumerable balls and high spikes of burnished gold. The building had just been restored, and the chunam had the smooth effect of creamy satin. Many a trembling wretch had taken refuge within its walls, for it had possessed the privileges of sanctuary —a great boon in barbarous ages, when ven-

* For some account of these diamond mines see Appendix, pt. ii.

geance was swift and justice was scarcely born.

My powers of attention began to flag, so I sat down in the shade to a luncheon of bread and oranges, the latter of which I was aware would prove a delusive pleasure. It is very delightful to gather oranges, but the oil in the skin of the fresh fruit is most acrid, and is the ruin of everything it touches. The bread I shared with a couple of lean, hungry dogs belonging to the gardener, and then I strolled towards the gateway of the enclosure, and mounted to the flat top, where, on great occasions, the naubuts, or big drums, had been played. The stiff form of many a king had been carried through that dark, arched way.

Across the narrow valley, on a high conical hill composed of mighty boulders, stood the far-famed fort of Golconda. For unknown centuries before the Moslem entered India, this ancient castle was the seat of government under the primeval Hindoo princes, and until the introduction of European modes of warfare into the country, it had been deemed impreg-

nable. Line upon line of fortifications, one above the other, ran along the side of the hill, and, sloping down towards its northern end, appeared to enclose a great number of buildings, palaces, temples, arches, &c. Not three hundred yards from where I sat stretched the advanced works, a high wide wall without battlements, set with guns at short intervals, and further defended by numerous bastions and a wide wet ditch; they enclose a space of seven miles, and there are thickets within the enceinte where the young Nizam hunts.

There is many a romantic story of these old walls scattered over the pages of history, but they are too long to relate. No one, with the exception of persons very high in authority, enter them now, for there, according to ancient custom, the Nizam's magnificent jewels and most highly-valued treasures are stowed away.

Warned by the slanting shadows, I bid a reluctant adieu to this beautiful and romantic spot. In the evening my servant brought me some of the current coinage of the state. The

silver money is so pretty that some of the little pieces, not half the size of our fourpenny bits, are made into ornaments; but the copper, although the metal was golden and bright, was astonishingly rude; they were little more than flattish lumps roughly chopped from a bar, and still more rudely impressed with letters that could scarcely be traced.

In the grey of the following morning the Dustoor's carriage—a shut one this time—arrived to take me to the station. He himself escorted me on horseback, looking, in his corderoys and top boots, more like a handsome English squire than what my idea of what a Parsee priest happened to be. When the dilapidated state carriage in which I had previously travelled had conveyed me past the wonderful granite-strewn plains, and on into the more prosaic country, I fell to musing upon the difference in costume of my Hyderabad friend and that of his brother in blood and position who resided in Poona. The latter wore round his waist a splendid silk scarf, that confined a long and exceedingly full skirt of gossamer muslin

such as the hand of the Hindoo alone can weave.*

I afterwards discovered that the latter is a dress adopted by old-fashioned priests, such as happen to be followers of a very holy and long-dead Dustoor. On inquiry I also found out a few particulars about these Parsee priests which are not altogether uninteresting.

A Dustoor, or Zoroastrian bishop, a rich and influential man, derives a considerable part of his income from fees paid to him on domestic occasions. A few days after the birth of an infant, a Dustoor, who is an astrologer, or, in his absence, a Morbed, an inferior priest, or, with that curious laxity often to be observed in a religion of forms, even a Brahmin, is invited to the house. He begins by drawing on a

* "It is to the suppleness with which the whole frame of the Indian is endowed, and which is still more remarkable in the configuration of his hand, that we are indebted for the exquisite perfection of their manufactures of linen. The same instruments which an Indian employs to make a piece of cambric would, under the rigid fingers of an European, scarcely produce a piece of canvas."—Orme's "Hindostan," vol. i, p. 7.

wooden board a set of hieroglyphics in chalk, and counts and recounts the stars under whose influence the child is declared to be born. He then enumerates the names which the child may bear, and the parents have the right to make choice of one of them. He then goes on to promise that the child shall be fortunate, and bring an increase of wealth and respectability to the family. Every word thus spoken is credited by the women, but the men smile.

The next great occasion on which the dustoor's assistance is required is the Parsee rite which makes the child a partaker in his father's faith, a ceremony which takes place at the age of six years and three months. The bishop then invests the infant with the emblems of Zoroastrianism. A kind of fine linen or gauze shirt, called "the garment of the good and beneficent way," and with a thin woollen cord or cincture of seventy-two threads, is passed three times round the waist and tied with four knots. The threads represent the seventy-two chapters of the sacred book of the Parsees. During the ceremony a hymn is chaunted, and as

the first knot is tied the priest says, "There is but one God, and no other is to be compared with him."

Another of the dustoor's employments is that of match-making. Having an extensive acquaintance with influential families, he endeavours to make suitable marriages among the young people. He suggests that such a damsel is desirable, and the parents of the boy make inquiries as to whether the parents of the girl are respectable and rich. On being satisfied that they are so, the priest's recommendation is favourably received and a direct negotiation is opened with the parents of the girl by requesting them to furnish for a day or two the horoscope or birth-paper of the maiden, that the astrologer may be consulted as to the eligibility of the match. That of the boy, as well as that of the girl, is then handed over to the professor of astrology. He consults the stars, and according to his reading of them the match does or does not take place. If propitious, the day for the celebration of the marriage is named of course by the astrolo-

ger. These rules are the means of placing much power and money in the hands of the priests.

On the marriage-day the bride and bridegroom are seated close to each other on ornamented chairs, and facing them stand the dusoors, who repeat a simple nuptial benediction, first in Zend, and then in Sanskrit, ending with the words, "May you always try to exalt the glory of the religion of Zoroaster, and may the blessing of the Almighty descend upon you!" The parties then sit down to a feast consisting of fish, vegetables, fruits, preserves, &c. Out of respect to their ancient protectors the Hindoos, no animal food is taken, but wine flows freely.

The dustoor, or if not the next in authority, the morbed, is present, when according to rule the person of the dying is arranged in clean clothes, and the priests and their friends finish their duties by chaunting, "May the Almighty pardon you for anything you may have done against His will, His commandments, and the true religion of Zoroaster!" The priests follow the body to its last drear abode, but

even the dustoor must not venture within twenty yards of the silent tower. The bearers alone of the iron bed, a low but well-paid caste, may enter there. When the corpse-carriers have deposited the naked body on the cold, sloping stone alloted to it, they return, and then the priests and friends wash their hands and join in offering up a prayer to the Almighty to have "mercy on the departed spirit." Prayers are continued for three days, during which the soul of the deceased is supposed to hover above the scene of his earthly abode. On the fourth day the dustoors and the mourners partake of a solemn feast, and then each man returns to his usual employment.

That the condition of the Parsee priesthood demands improvement is acknowledged by the followers of Zoroaster. "Very few of them understand their liturgical works, although able to recite, parrot-like, all the chapters requiring to be repeated on occasions of religious ceremonies, for which services they receive the regulated fees, and from them mainly derive a subsistence. The priesthood is an hereditary

profession among the Parsees. The priest does not acquire his position from sacerdotal fitness or superior learning; strictly speaking he cannot be called a spiritual guide. The son of a priest is also a priest unless he chooses to follow another profession, which is not prohibited to him; but a layman cannot be a priest."*

* See "The Parsees, their History, &c.," by Dosaboy Framjee. Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

APPENDIX.

I.

THE LINGA.

THE Sanskrit word linga means an emblem; it is a form under which Shiva, one of the Hindoo triad, is worshipped by a very large body of people in Western India. This sect are called Lyngayats. According to their own account, it appears that in old days a certain class of Hindoos began to worship Shiva under the form of a Linga made of sand and mud; but, when they saw that it was perishable, they employed gold and silver for the purpose, but these metals were gradually changed to copper, because the Lyngayats were afraid of being robbed.

At first the Linga was worshipped in temples alone, but, as the superstition grew stronger,

they began to wear it about their persons, in a small box, generally made of silver, called a chowka. The very poor make it of wood. In it is placed a small stone Linga, smoothly covered over with stuff made of ashes, nut fat, and some other ingredient, the nature of which was not confided to me. It is said that Bosawanna was the person who propagated the Lyngayat religion. Those people are wrong who say that Bosawanna was not a human being, but the deity in the shape of a bullock. He was a man like ourselves. Superstition combined with love makes the Lyngayats refuse to part with their Linga for a moment, and, through jealousy, they took to wearing it around their head, left arm, and neck. It is said that, in the old days, the most religious men of the sect kept their Linga under their throat, which is not now common.

Lyngayat gurus, or holy men, call all people who do not wear the emblem bhaves. As soon as a child is born, be it male or female, a Linga is tied round its neck with some ceremonies; it is then taken away and kept during child-

hood in a clean cloth. Both men and women worship the Linga. The latter wear it round the neck alone. They worship it in the following manner every time they take their meat. The way in which this done is as follows: They wash it with water, placing it on the palm of their left hand, facing the thumb of that hand; they then throw ashes and flowers over it, and burn incense before it.

Lyngayats also make three horizontal lines upon their foreheads with this ash. On great occasions they worship the two toes of a janjam (a priest), washing them with water, which they pour over the Linga, and finally drink. It is called tirtha. The food is first shown to the Linga before it is eaten. The janjam distributes the food on his plate among the others, sitting by himself, which act is called prasad, something like what is called among Christians "the Lord's Supper."

Lyngayats never show their Linga to other people, and neither speak of nor show their food to strangers while eating it. Some assign superstition as a reason for this, but I can really

say that many of them want to hide from others the poor nature of their food. There are two great divisions among Lyngayats which are called Shyawàs and Vira Shyawàs. The latter are against drinking the tirtha and eating prasad; they are also averse to the worship of janjams, and never fall at their feet.

The Linga is at last buried with the dead body.

This document was written by a very respectable Lyngayat, who had long been head clerk in a Government office, over which the gentleman, who gave it to me along with the silver casket containing the emblem, presided.

II.

THE DIAMOND MINES OF GOLCONDA.

ANY notice of Golconda, however superficial, would be imperfect without a reference to its diamond-mines, which have yielded gems celebrated over the whole habitable world. The use of the diamond was anciently one of the regal privileges of the Hindoo Rajas and Sultans. Ferishta states that Sultan Mahmoud (A.D. 1177, 1206) left in his treasury more than four hundred pounds weight of this precious gem, and Tavernier, a French jeweller who saw the jewels of Aurungzebe, states that at that period the mines of Golconda employed sixty thousand persons.

These mines produce little of value now, but a short account of their present condition

(*i.e.*, that of at least twenty years ago), and of the singular theory of the natives respecting their exhaustion, may not be found uninteresting. These theories are given more for the sake of amusement than instruction. The paper of which we give portions is one of a series upon "The Mineral Resources of India," written by Lt. Newbold, and published in the journal of the Royal Asiatic Society.* Amongst other places, lying in what are called the ceded districts, this gentleman visited the mines of Condapetta, a locality lying between a chain of low hills and the river Pennar. The surface of the soil he describes as being strewn with rounded and angular quartz and sandstone pebbles, heaps of which, with rolled stones and gravel, announced the vicinity of the excavations. The writer shall now speak for himself.

"On approaching the mines, I was accosted by a Brahmin, who earnestly requested that I would leave my horse behind, as his presence

* For the paper in question, see No. xiv, p. 226.

might interfere with the success of some mystic rites which were then in the act of being performed for the propitiation of the tutelary genius that watches over the treasures of the earth. On a nearer approach, I observed some undug ground marked out for the scene of future operations. The implements of the sacrifice were also prepared. Two stout, divining rods were firmly planted in a vertical position, at a little distance apart, in small, recently-dug, square apertures in the ground, in which were deposited stones, smeared with red and yellow paint, placed upright. The smoke of the incense-pots thickened and perfumed the air.

"The Brahmin had been for some time past consulting his books, and making astrological calculations, and watching the aspect of the planets for a propitious day and moment for the opening of the mines, and this had been fixed on as the auspicious time. The sacrifices were made to Lakshmi, the Goddess of Fortune. Near the spot marked out for the new excavations lay the old pits, which are ex-

tremely numerous, covering an apparent extent of more than a square mile, surrounded by heaps of stone and gravel. They are generally of a square form, and from four to twelve feet deep. The stratum cut through is of cotton soil, mixed with small grains of quartz, generally from three to ten feet thick, which rests immediately on a bed of rolled stones of various sizes, from that of a paving-stone to a nut, in which the diamonds are found generally loose, but sometimes adherent. The stones are mingled with mud and gravel. The pebbles most commonly met with are ferruginous, gritty, and schistose sandstone; sandstone conglomerates, imbedding rolled pebbles of quartz, chert, jasper, claystone, porphyry, and crystals of felspar, blue jasper veined with oxide of iron, coarse red jasper, and quartz crystals.

"Some of these pebbles have evidently been transported from adjacent hills, but the porphyritic and felspathic pebbles must have travelled a much greater distance. Near the base of the hills the cotton soil is covered with red, gritty

earth, arising from the disintegration of the sandstone rocks; below these soils a purplish laminar limestone extends nearly to the base of the hills, and it is not improbable that the diamond alluvium rests upon it. This purplish limestone overlies the blue compact variety. The process of mining consists merely in digging out the rolled pebbles and gravel, and carrying them to small square reservoirs raised on mounds, having their bottoms lined with stones, and washing them carefully. At the foot of the mound is a clear space, surrounded by heaps of refuse, where the washed gravel is again spread out and examined in the presence of the diamond contractors. The diamonds are easily recognized in these moist strata by their peculiar lustre.

"In former days all the diamonds were carried for sale to Golconda. In those days very large stones were found; but since the British ascendency, which, according to the superstitious natives, is by no means pleasing to the tutelary deities of the mines, few of any value have been found.

"The Hindoo miners apply the great divisions of caste to different varieties into which they have classed the diamond. The white variety is of the Brahmin caste; the roseate, the Kshatriya; the yellowish, the Vaisaya; the blackish or bluish, the Sudra."

The diamond polishers aver that a complicated apparatus was in use among them before the Mohammedan invasion. Mr. Newbold in his article gives a lithograph of this machine. He goes on to state some curious conjectures as to the origin of the diamond. He evidently becomes a convert to the idea of the Indians that diamonds can be formed without the stimulus of heat, which he states was the conjecture of Sir Isaac Newton, and at one period that of Sir David Brewster; but science has made giant strides of late on such subjects. He thus concludes his interesting article:

"The secretion or concretion of carbon in its pure crystalline state appears in those instances where it has not been accelerated by heat to bear analogy to the process by which we see pure silica (tabashir) secreted at first as a soft

gelatinous mass in the tender joints of the bamboo. The formation of diastase, of which we cannot discern the slightest trace in the germ and tube itself round the eye of the potato, is still more difficult to be accounted for. It is proved, I think, from the experiments of Sir David Brewster that the diamond has once been in a soft state, like amber, opal, or the tabashir just alluded to. There is a universal opinion of the continual re-production of this gem among the most experienced Indian miners, from Bundlekund to Cuddapall, which I was at first inclined to put little reliance upon, but which I have been subsequently inclined to listen to from actually witnessing diamonds extracted in tolerable abundance from old mines which had long been given up and neglected as worn out. At Banganapilly and Muddenpilly the miners content themselves with examining the old mines, rarely making fresh excavations. The inferior size of the diamonds found at the present day may perhaps be accounted for in part by the over-cupidity of the natives, which will not permit the old

mines to remain undisturbed for any considerable time. The old miners stated to me that a term of fifteen or twenty years was requisite for the reproduction of a gem. The ideas of the natives will not appear so strange when we see zeolites, tabashir, crystals of lime, quartz, felspar, and corundum now in process of formation."

In his book on "Diamonds and Precious Stones," Mr. Emanuel states that the Indian diamond is of a different specific gravity from the Brazilian, and, even when only of equal whiteness, seems to possess more lustre and brilliancy. From this and other causes, the old diamonds, which all came from India, are worth rather more than the new or Brazilian gem.

THE END.

LONDON: PRINTED BY DUNCAN MACDONALD, BLENHEIM HOUSE.

00083583

Digitized with financial assistance from
Government of Maharashtra
on 30 January, 2020